

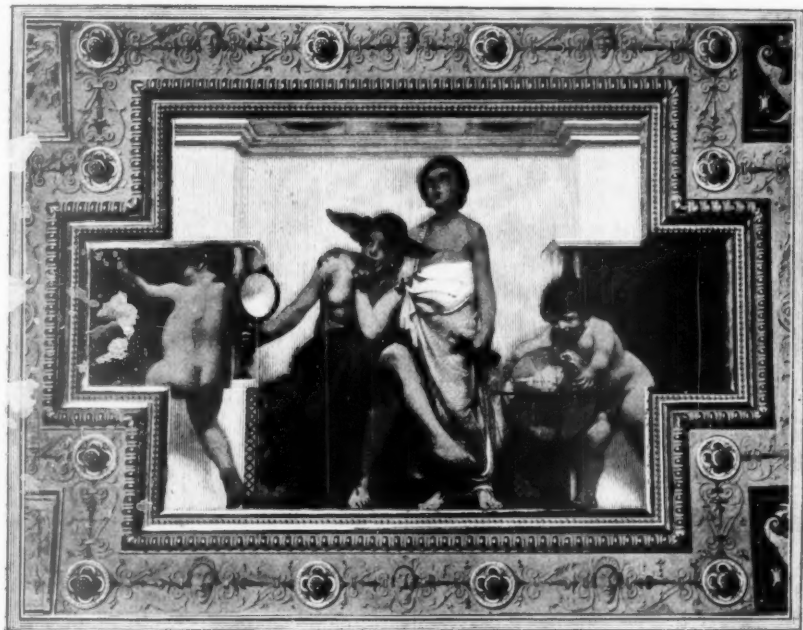
# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

*From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.*

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No. 2.



MACCARI'S HISTORIC FRESCOS.

BY THEODORE TRACEY.

ONE of the characteristic ways in which the new Italian nation is proving a right to its title of Roman citizenship, is the surrounding of its people, submerged as they are in the intense and magnetic ambient of a new birth, with art that must recall Rome's great past. They feel that through the incomparable lessons taught by the history of the Roman empire, patriotic zeal must surely be stimulated.

With this end in view the Italian government selected the senate house of Rome as the place best fitting in which to recall

to the Italians of to-day memories of those events through which Rome became "mistress of the world." By unanimous vote Cæsar Maccari was selected to paint the scenes in which the noblest deeds of statesmanship or arms of ancient Rome are recalled, and given free swing in the matter of subject and treatment. As a consequence, his historical frescoes stand preëminent among modern works of art. Already the hall which they adorn has become known as the sala of Maccari's frescoes. Throngs of sightseers linger before them and admire the art

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which brings back, so vividly, the great events which form such important links in the history of civilization.

The hall in which they are placed is lofty and rectangular in form. It is one of the most imposing chambers in the spreading Palazzo, and is reached by turning to the right at the top of the grand staircase after passing through the gallery of busts of Italy's statesmen. There is not a particle of its decoration, from the floor to the gracefully curved ceiling, or from the richly draped and deep set windows to the marble-columned doorways, that is not the work of Maccari. Even the furniture of the room is from his designs. The handiwork of Italy's most skillful needle artists is shown in the embroidery on the white muslin curtains with which the windows are draped. So broad and tall are they that during the daytime the paintings are seen under an unusually good light; while at night electric lights, near the ceiling, furnish an excellent substitute. Maccari has shown no little skill in so arranging his five frescoes that they harmonize with the architecture of the room and produce a charming color effect.

Three of the frescoes are very large, each covering one side of the chamber, while two are necessarily much smaller, and are placed between the windows. The first to attract the visitors' attention, and perhaps the most important of the large frescoes, is upon the wall near the entrance. It shows Atilius Regulus bidding farewell to Rome and her citizens, from the ship on which he is to be taken back a prisoner to Carthage, to suffer torture and possibly death. In the background are seen the spreading roofs of the city sweeping down almost to the Tiber's edge. On the water-steps stand his own family in deepest distress. Back of them

crowd old friends, lawmakers, citizens and the people—a vast, sorrowing throng that fills up the boat-landing and plaza and winds off into the distant streets.

Few men of any time stand out more heroically than Atilius Regulus. After a series of extraordinary victories against the Carthaginians, he was finally defeated by Xanthippus, and being put under the most binding oaths to return to Carthage, was sent to Rome to negotiate an exchange of prisoners. When he appeared before the Roman senate, Regulus urged the refusal of the Carthaginian's terms, knowing that he was pleading for his own death sentence. The artist has selected

the scene where, after the senate's decision, Regulus is about to take a final farewell of his family and friends, and set out upon his return to Carthage, well knowing that he would be condemned to a death of torture. Immovable in his resolution stands Regulus, the prominent figure of the foreground. The dusky, evil-faced Carthaginian crew are making ready for the departure. Regulus stands on the prow of the boat and speaks to the multitude. He admonishes the young men to

hold Rome's honor first in their hearts, and tells them that thought of self should be abolished when patriotism is concerned. He bids the lawmakers not grieve that their just decision is sending him back to captivity.

"I could not love my country so had she been capable of a different decree!" he cries. "What matters it that one's life must be sacrificed in such a cause!"

Maccari has certainly caught the spirit of the moment.

"Cicero's Denunciation of Catiline in the Senate" is the subject of the large fresco to the right of the entrance. The picture is not crowded with figures as is

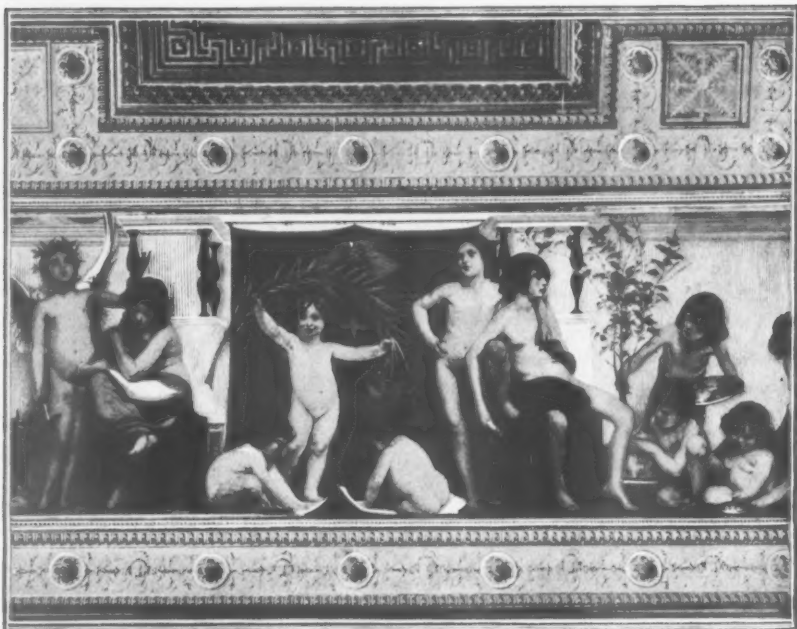


CESAR MACCARI.



*Photographed by Cook & Alinari, Rome.*

IDEALIZED FIGURE REPRESENTING ITALY.



*Photographed by Cook & Alinari, Rome.*

LITERATURE AND ART.

that of "Regulus' Departure," but is of grand breadth of interpretation and design. There are the curved tiers of seats, filled on one side with the senators in their togas, intent on Cicero's burning words; on the other, Catiline, deserted by his colleagues, cringes under the denunciation thundered against him. In the foreground Cicero towers majestically, standing on the floor beside the sacred fire which the Romans kept burning in their council chambers. An interesting feature of this fresco is, that for the faces of its Roman senators, the Italian statesmen of to-day sat.

Probably no more dramatic scene is recorded in the history of Rome than the meeting between the victorious Pyrrhus and the aged censor Appius Claudius. This is the subject which Maccari has chosen for the third of his great frescoes. Here again he has taken the faces of noted living Romans for those of the men who stood around Claudius, when Rome itself seemed at the mercy of the invader. Pyrrhus invading Italy with a considerable contingent mounted on elephants

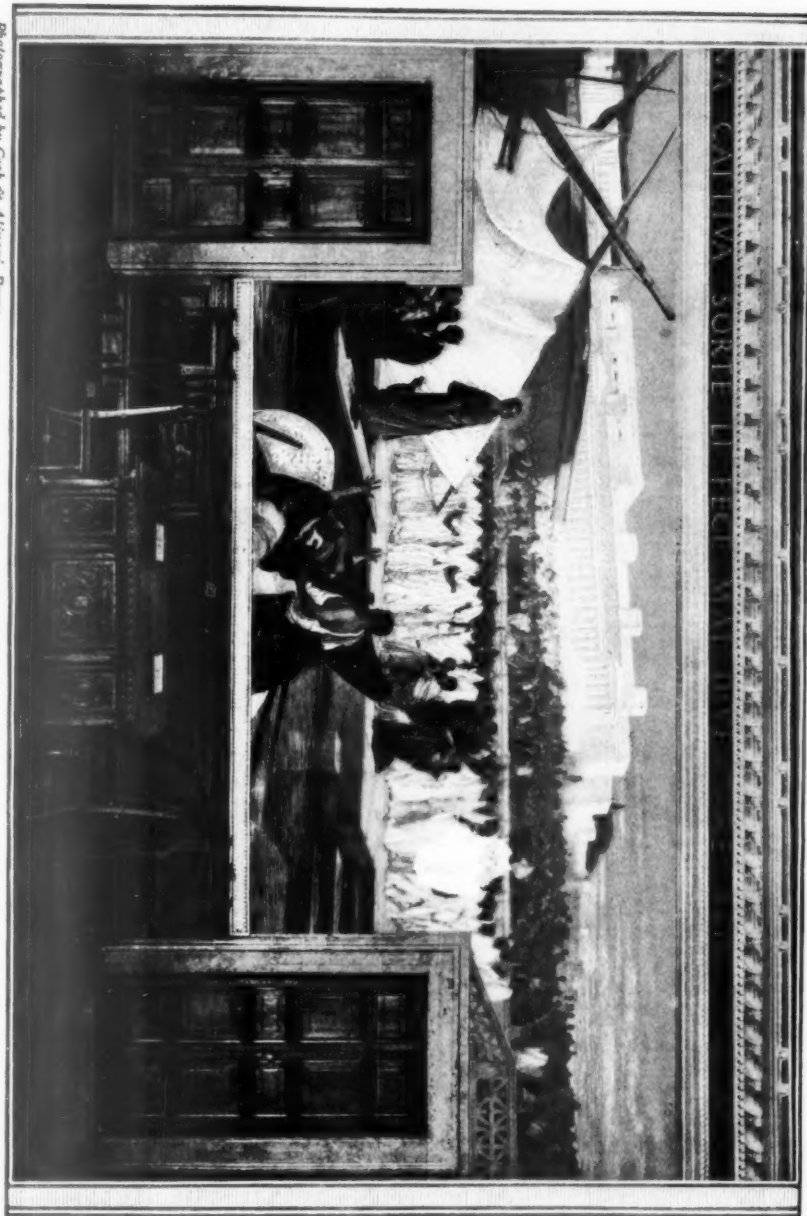
had thrown the Roman cavalry into confusion by the mere appearance of the huge beasts, then strange and terrible in the eyes of the bravest of Rome's soldiery. After a battle in which the flower of Claudius' army had been trampled to death, when there seemed to be no longer hope for Roman arms, when despair would have been the portion of a weaker people, Pyrrhus seeks an interview with Appius Claudius and proposes terms of peace.

Supreme courage was required to turn away the proposition of an apparently invincible foe. Maccari has depicted the aged censor, totally blind, in the curia, where he has been led by his sons and grandsons. Behind him stands a delegation of the Roman people. Claudius, heartbroken over the fate of the many brave warriors Pyrrhus has slain, tells the messenger that "Rome will only treat of peace with him when he and his armies have left Italy." The ambassador in his blue robes and white fillet seems to be half awed by the fearless answer, a decision from which Claudius knows there will be no shadow of turning.



*Photographed by Cook & Allnutt, Rome.*

REGULUS' DEPARTURE FOR CARTHAGE.



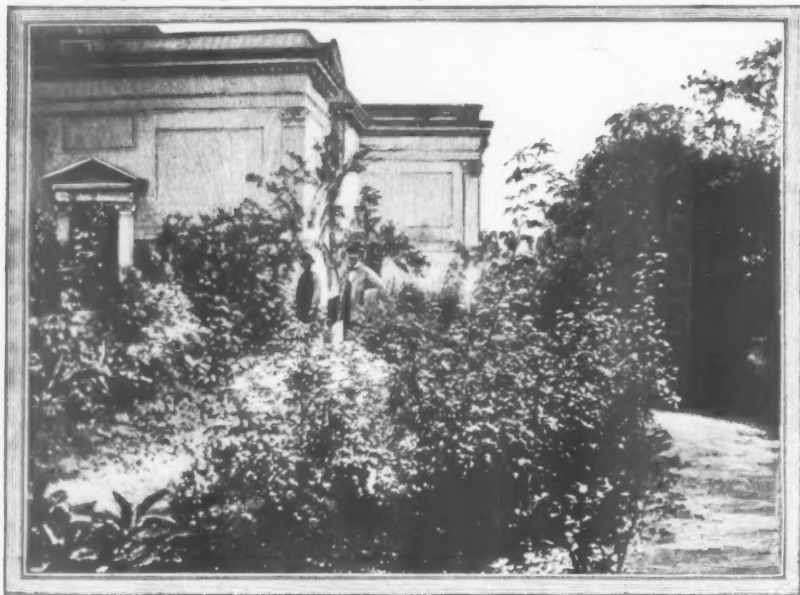
Another story of early Rome is that of Curius Dentatus, whom the Samnites sought to bribe by offers of riches. They find him in a poorly furnished room. Offered seats upon the bare couch and a share of his humble meal of roasted turnips, their offers are rejected without hesitation, and they learn that patriotism is a fire stronger than any desire for possession.

The companion piece of this fresco represents Papyrus seated in a marble chair, scepter in hand, before his temple in the forum. All others had fled before the invading Gallic hosts. So immovable, serene and dignified is Papyrus that the Gauls believe him to be a god. However, curiosity overpowers them, and when they would lay barbaric hands upon him he resents the contamination, saying: "You may not touch me with impunity." The sentence has lived with the sentiment ever since, and is to-day one of the mottoes of the nation.

Above the frescoes is an overhanging cornice in gold and pearl, with a background of pale olive, maroon and imperial blue. Running through the cornice and girdling the whole chamber, is a broad band of deep blue, on which Maccari has painted in golden letters Mac-

chiavelli's significant words, "Nessuna cattiva sorte li fece mai diventare abietti e nessuna buona fortuna li fece mai essere insolenti," and also Guicciardini's axiom, "Osservate con diligenza le cose dei tempi passati perché fanno lume alle future e quello che è e sarà, è stato in altro tempo."

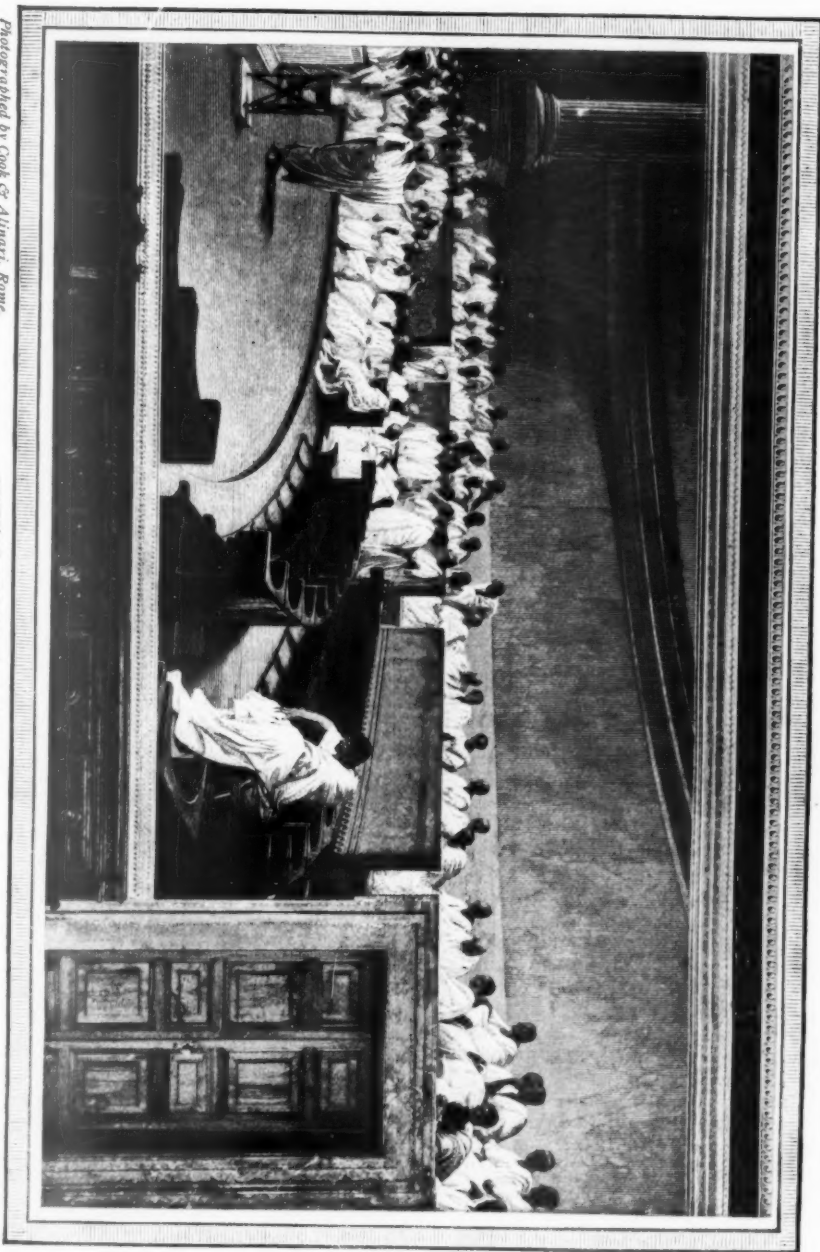
The ceiling above is rich in gold coloring and fresco. Placed diagonally at the angles is the cross-embazoned shield of Savoy, surrounded by the jeweled collar and medallion of the Santissima Annunziata and surmounted by the royal crown. At each side of the crowns and shields are rectangular crosses. These crosses are framed in pearl and gold, in harmony with the cornice. In the center of each cross is a beautiful white medallion figure in high relief supporting a shield. Each of these figures represents one of Italy's leading cities, whose name is sculptured on the shield. The wide centers are filled with frescoes symbolizing some feature of civilization for which the cities are famed. To Florence and Rome are given literature and art; Milan and Turin, arms; Palermo and Genoa, agriculture and commerce; and to Naples and Venice, science.



MACCARI'S STUDIO AND GARDEN.

*Photographed by Cook & Alinari, Rome.*

CICERO'S DENUNCIATION OF CATILINE.





THE RUINS OF SALLUST'S VILLA.

A majestically beautiful figure of Italy adorns the center of the ceiling. It is encircled with a royal blue border bearing the legend "Sei Libera—Sii Grande." Both above and below the idealized figure are the heads of lions in whose mouths are laurel and olive branches, while at each side there is spread the imperial eagle of the Caesars bearing a laurel crown. The space between the reliefs, frescoes and symbols is filled with ornamental designs of a national character. Olympic vases, Venetian lions and Pompeian masks are intertwined and intermingled with an exquisite combination of the cornice coloring, the effect being rich and splendid.

Opposite the entrance to the chamber and between the windows is fixed a small tablet, bearing the date of the work and Maccari's name in his own delicate penmanship. This modest signature is the only purely personal record the artist has left, except the customary portrait of himself in one of the groups. It can be distinguished among the faces in the following of Appius Claudius. Below the little tablet is a larger one which bears the official inscription.

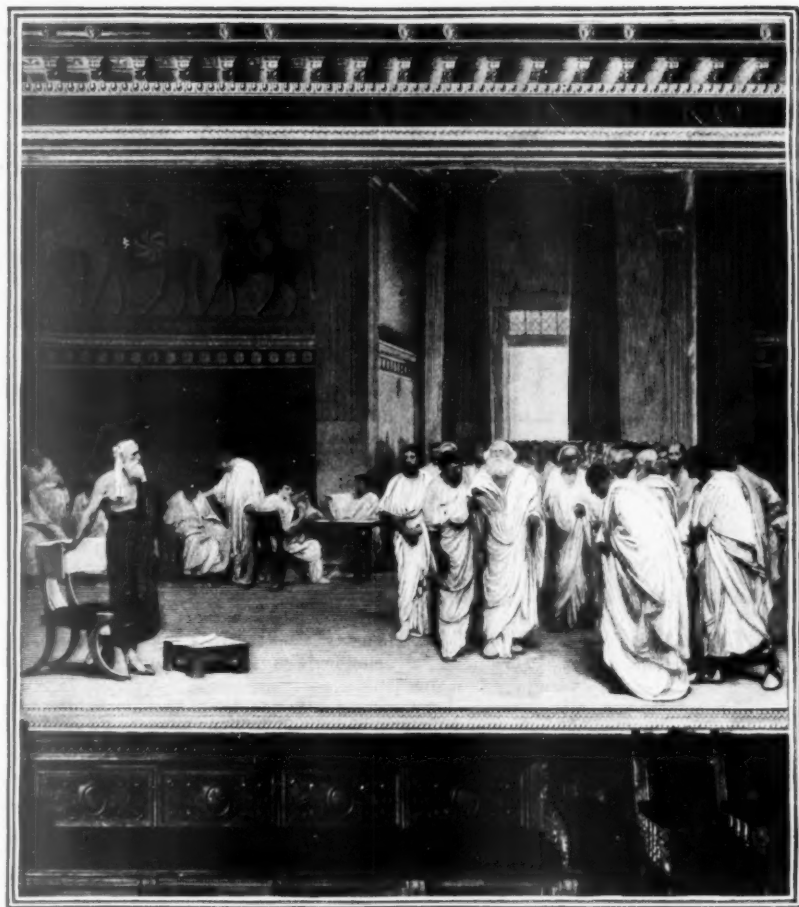
In the corners of the sala are Corinthian columns of gold and pearl, which form an effective background for the marble busts of Garibaldi, Cavour, Ricasoli and Carlo Luigi Farini, father of the present head of the senate, whose counsel was so potent at Regio Emilio in 1859 and 1860. White marble steps lead up to the windows from a parquet floor in a warm shade of brown, with interlaced star and octagon shaped tiles. The broad settees ranged around the walls, the easy chairs and the center table are of carved walnut upholstered with deep crimson velvet. Plain bands of variegated marble encase the doorways, while the bust pedestals are columns of red Barcus granite.

Regarding Maccari's genius, it is said that there has never been a member of his family who could lay claim to artistic qualities of any kind. His father was a small tradesman in the old city of Siena, where Maccari was born. As a boy he was quiet, studious and observant, with an aptitude for modeling in clay. In course of time he developed so much capability in this line that the attention of the Art Commission was attracted to him, resulting in his obtaining a free scholarship in the famous Siena Art Academy.

The first years of his tutelage were passed in studying sculpture, until his master became convinced that the lad possessed a power of color as well as of form interpretation. Very much against



VIEW FROM MACCARI'S WINDOW.



*Photographed by Cook & Alinari, Rome.*

APPIUS CLAUDIUS AND THE EASTERN AMBASSADOR.

young Maccari's inclination and despite his vigorous protests, he transferred him entirely from the department of sculpture to that of painting. It was not until several years afterward, in Venice, that he came to a realization of the possibilities of color. For all that, he studied faithfully, and at his graduation won the academy's traveling pensionant by a unanimous vote, for the excellence of his work. This gave him the means of going to all the art centers of Italy and studying the masterpieces. In this period of study with the old masters, Maccari says that, aside from the technical theories he ab-

sorbed in his academic course, he threw to the winds all the cut-and-dried traditions of art that had been measured out to him. Following this he gave up two or three years to social, romantic and oriental study. He speaks of these years as an idle season, but it was an idleness which created much to beautify many a public and private edifice in Europe, Asia and the two Americas.

After these comparatively desultory years he settled down in Rome to serious work. Cardinal Wiseman's story of Fabiola had impressed him deeply. One scene particularly, the death of Fabiola's

Christian slave, took such a strong hold upon his imagination that he allowed himself no rest until he had transferred it to canvas. This, his first large painting, became very famous, and played an important part in his career. After *Fabiola* came a large historical painting, which was purchased almost at sight by the municipal authorities of Turin, and transferred from the National Exposition galleries there to the Municipio.

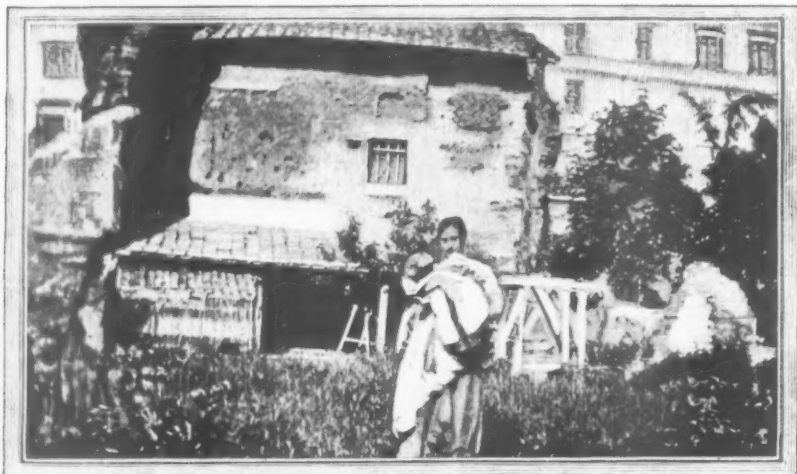
Among the visitors who came to Maccari's first Roman studio in the Palace of the Temporal Power, while he was still at work with the *Fabiola* picture, was the rector of San Sudario.

This gentleman at once recognized the great strength and refined ideality in Maccari's work and engaged him to paint the frescoes in the new edifice of San Sudario, beatifying the members of the royal family. So successful was he in this task that the attention of the government was attracted and he was chosen to paint the two great commemorative pictures of the receiving of the plebiscites of the *Popolo Romano* by Victor Emmanuel at the Palazzo Reale in Florence, and of the arrival of Victor Emmanuel's funeral cortège at the Pantheon.

At present Maccari is engaged on the largest decorative religious work ever attempted by any artist. It is the completion of the dome fresco in the basilica of the *Madonna di Loreto*, which was be-

gun centuries ago by Signorelli and Melozzo da Forlì. No brush had been touched to the work since then until Maccari took hold of it. The subjects are the symbolism of the Litany of Loreto and the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. In the upper part of the dome there are a vast number of angels, arranged in intertwining circles. More than one thousand figures can be counted in the work already, and nearly all of them are twice life-size. Maccari is also planning two other large tasks—the decoration of the whole interior of the Church of Nardo and the altar decoration of the duomo at San Maurizio.

Maccari's genius has been acknowledged by medals and diplomas almost without number, from expositions and by royal decrees. He also has an appallingly long list of titles. His studio is a little cream-tinted building, shaped like a Grecian temple. It stands in a high-walled garden filled with a mass of rose bushes, and the ruins overrun with ivy. This garden is on a broad terrace directly back of the remains of Sallust's villa, which was itself built over an old pagan temple erected centuries before that wealthy scholar brought his influence to bear on Rome's fortunes. Sallust's villa is given over to the caretaker and his family, and to a big watch-dog, who seems fully impressed with the historical importance of his surroundings.







### A PRE-ARRANGED HEAD END COLLISION.

BY AUSTIN C. ROGERS.

**C**RUSH, Texas, enjoys the distinction of being the only city that ever came into existence with a population of thirty thousand souls, to exist just for one day, and be completely depopulated on the next.

By city I do not mean the congregation of a vast crowd such as would assemble at a fair or circus, but a city in its true cosmopolitan sense, with all the attributes of a great metropolis clad in holiday attire. Although its corporate existence expired when the shades of evening came, it had, during its brief existence, officers of the law, jails for the unruly, restaurants for the hungry, and saloons for those who were wont to quench their thirst. Fakirs of all classes were there; there were snake-charmers and side-shows, flying-jennies and freaks of nature, and as one passed along the eye became dizzy and blinded with an ever varying succession of showy business enterprises.

The rich, the poor, the great, the small,

the strong and weak were there; every station in society was represented, and lines of caste were for the time withdrawn; gentleman and vagabond mingled in the throng and discussed together the probable result of the catastrophe. Crush was not born under the natural laws which govern the birth of cities and towns. It was a prodigy born of an event, and when that event was over, the purposes of its life were consummated. It was a city of a day,—yet, so long as the hearts of its thirty thousand people continue to beat, just that long will the memory of Crush live.

The location was ideal and contained fully a hundred acres; hills formed a natural amphitheater which was completely filled by the citizens of a day, and every man, woman and child in the multitude could view without obstruction the inspiring scene. At sunrise the crowds began to gather; horseman after horseman, vehicle after vehicle followed each other in rapid

succession, until the gently sloping hillsides were a great sea of humanity and the mingled voices of numberless pedestrian groups rose high in joyous and excited merriment. Some sauntered idly about, chaffing with chance acquaintances; others reclined under shady trees, while still others engaged themselves as fancy willed. Great tanks of ice-water had been prepared, around which were gathered constant throngs. So it continued until four o'clock in the afternoon. Excursion trains arrived every few minutes and poured forth their streams of

others, the affair was grandly successful. W. G. Crush, general passenger agent of the line, managed the event. It is said that the high officials of the company opposed him, but with tenacity of purpose he overcame all obstacles that stayed the progress of the enterprise.

At 4:30 P. M. right of way was given the collision trains for their preliminary trials, the last run before they were destined to go down, locked with each other, in a shapeless wreck. Engine No. 999, manned by Engineer Stanton and Fireman Barnes, with a train of six cars, backed



THE ENGINES SALUTING.

people; noisily and excitedly they swept along to swell the already surging mass.

Mankind must be amused. For weeks the Missouri, Kansas, & Texas Railway Company had advertised to the world that on this day they would entertain the public with a pre-arranged railroad collision, and surely no more novel or dangerous exhibition was ever attempted. Altogether it was one of the most realistic panoramas that man's ingenuity has evolved for the amusement of his fellows, and, aside from the fatal wounding of two people and the minor injuries inflicted on

a mile to the north, and then came by at a terrific rate of speed. Engineer Cain and Fireman Dickerson, on engine No. 1001, with a train of equal length, had their inning from the south side and passed like a whirlwind. Both trains then pulled up to the colliding point, were photographed, saluted each other by whistling and backed away to the starting posts. This incident reminded one of the appearance before thousands of spectators of two mighty champions just before entering the arena for mortal combat. The salutation was greeted



AT THE MOMENT OF CONTACT.

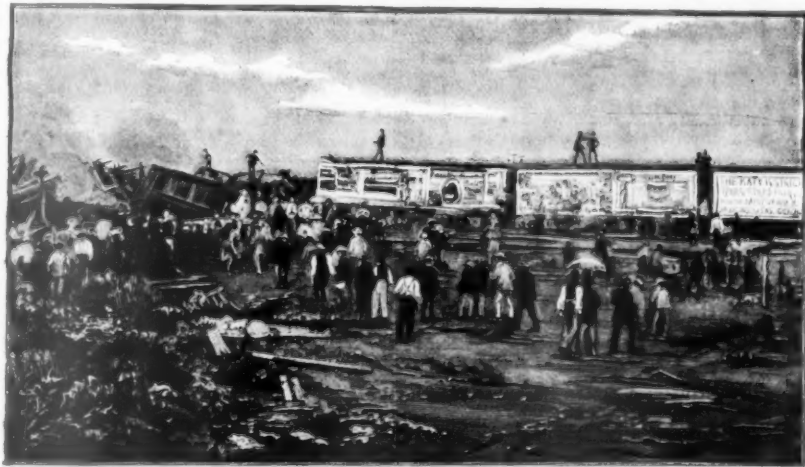
with the same spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm that encouraged the gladiators of ancient Rome to do mighty deeds. The huge iron machines almost seemed to be endowed with intelligence and filled with a desire to do their utmost.

All awaited with suppressed excitement for the signal that would announce the coming crash.

Over the wire it flashed at last! "Are you ready?"

"Yes!"

"Then go!" And the wild flight to destruction was started with a shriek that sounded like the wail of a lost soul—a scream that quickened the pulsations of thirty thousand hearts and sent the blood coursing through the veins with a thrill.



AFTER THE COLLISION.

Engineer Stanton left his machine when a good start was assured, but Cain was loath to leave his iron horse, so remained aboard for half a mile, spurring on his engine to demolition.

When the highest speed had been attained, he was seen to swing out from the cab, balance for a moment on the side step, and then, with a well timed spring, alight upon a pile of cinders. Although it was a reckless and almost foolhardy feat, those who saw it could not but admire his daring. There was a sigh of relief from the throng when he jumped up uninjured.

On came the sturdy opponents at

watching faces; on some beamed expectation, on others fear, while still others portrayed utter dejection and awe and horror.

A second more, then they came together with a terrific crash. They reared for a moment locked in deadly embrace, like two contending demons. Instantly there was an explosion that seemed to rive the very earth; the sky was hidden by a dense cloud of smoke and dust, ponderous fragments were thrown aloft and whirled through space as leaves borne in an autumn wind; down came a shower of deadly missiles sent up by force of concussion and liberated steam. Above all



THE INHABITANTS OF CRUSH CITY.

topmost speed; they reached the level stretch of track simultaneously. There hundreds of torpedoes had been placed, and the firing of them sounded like the roar of a battle. A hush fell over the vast assembly, for every one knew that in fifteen seconds more the annihilation would be complete. Thirty thousand people stood spellbound and thirty thousand pairs of eyes were riveted upon the monsters approaching, amid an awful, appalling roar. Each moment increased wonderfully the agonizing suspense. Yet a few feet remained between them—all the emotions that fill the human breast were pictured on the

the noise and confusion could be heard the rattling of the fragments as they fell. Both engines and seven cars were smashed into an indistinguishable pile of scraps and jammed into the space of thirty feet, illustrating the power of mechanical forces.

At once a rumor was circulated that several persons were killed outright, but on investigation only two were found to be fatally wounded. One was a young man from a distant town, who had climbed into a tree for a better view and was struck by a flying scrap of iron, which tore its way into his brain. The other victim was a young lady: she was

hit by a piece of chain which crushed her skull. Every attention possible was given the sufferers, and the efforts of all the surgeons present were concentrated upon them, but to no purpose. The young lady expired before her home was reached; the man was carried to Waco, where he died next day.

Mr. J. C. Deane, from whose photographic plates many of the accompanying illustrations were made, was struck in the left eye by an iron bolt two inches long. It crashed into his head and was found the next day by the surgeons, half-way buried in the brain. He did not lose consciousness for a moment during all the intense pain that followed, and insisted on giving minute directions about the finishing of the pictures he had taken. His ultimate recovery, but with the loss of one eye, is assured by the physicians.

Several others present, both men and women, suffered less serious injuries from bits of the flying débris. This deplorable feature of the exhibition added so to the already prevalent excitement and high

nervous tension that for a time a panic seemed imminent. Fortunately a few cool-headed men were able to keep the multitude in control.

Hundreds have been heard to say, they would not have failed to see the wreck for any reason; but they invariably add that they would not witness a repetition of it under any consideration.

Several damage suits have been filed, and the railway people will have an opportunity of showing why they promoted instead of prevented an exhibition so fraught with danger to the lives of human beings, even though it was unique and exciting.

A wild scramble of relic hunters began immediately after the crash. They rushed upon the scene regardless of danger. The result was pandemonium, which continued until the returning excursion trains compelled the crowd to go home. Every piece of iron or wood small enough to be carried away was taken possession of by the spectators, and in thousands of Texas homes serve as mementoes of the city that rose and fell in a day.





### THE ANCIENT SILVER MINES OF ZACATECAS.

WHERE THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE SPEND THEIR LIVES BELOW THE SURFACE.

BY CHARLES S. GLEED.

ARE you tired, busy reader—tired of the routine of every-day life? If you are, I have a plan. Come with me. Come away from all you have hitherto known, to a place entirely new—new, no matter how old it may be. The winter is upon you. There are warmer climes. Our cities and our civilization can float along safely into summer seas without our help, strange as it may seem. Come.

Let us start to-night so as to arrive at our destination in the morning—for it is best to arrive at a new place in the morning, especially if it be an old place. It matters little whence we make our start. Ready now.

Out and along the prairie slopes we fly, following the very trail where the leaden feet of the earliest commerce plied between the great rivers and the great mountains. In a little time we feel the cold breath of the snow-clad peaks warning us to go southward. To the left and

south we turn, and midnight finds us looking for Montezuma's eternal fire in the valley of the Pecos and for the grim guardsman on his pale mount, patrolling the desert stretches of the Jornada del Muerte—the journey of death—in the valley of the Rio Grande.

From El Paso we skim steadily for leagues and leagues southward over the stretch where valleys and mountains run such an interminable race. Just as the night is done and the east begins to glow, we feel once more the chill of an increasing altitude; and, swerving upward, we see, by the full morning light, the city we have been seeking, the quaint old town of which a majority of our countrymen have never even heard—the Mexican city of Zacatecas.

Slowly we sink to the nearest of the works of men. It is set on a hill, a mountain, La Bufa, and cannot be hid. We are in the presence of a church. Here



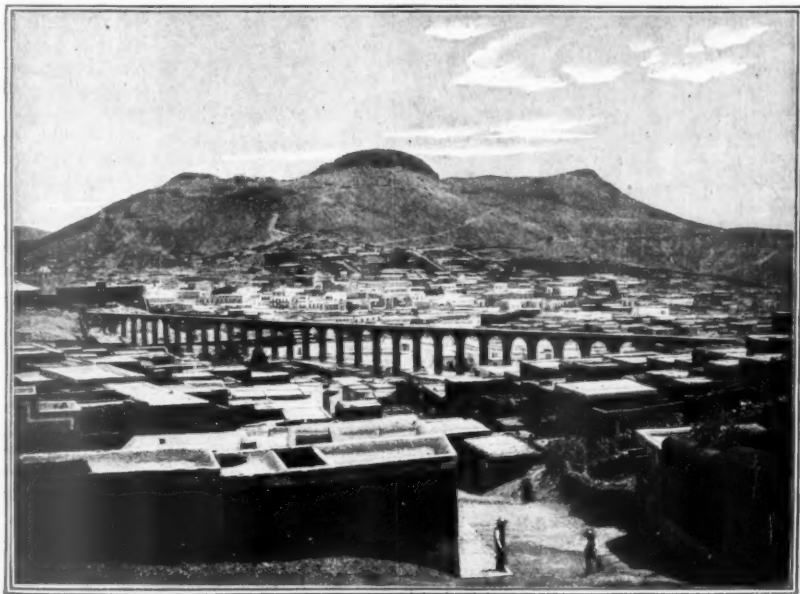
it stands, solitary as a human soul. It is the first and the last to salute the sun ; it kisses the stars and sees the winds coming. It is perhaps the strangest church on the continent. Built in 1728, it is known as the Church of Los Remedios, and up the ragged mountain path to its kindly portals have crept, on hands and knees, thousands of humble penitents, seeking the peace of the forgiven.

All about this little temple are mountains and valleys. Miles away in every direction are the troubled acres of the state of Zacatecas, and just down the declivity is the city of the same name. This is our destination—our new old place. It is the capital of the state of Zacatecas, and has about eighty thousand of the five hundred thousand people contained in the entire state. Zacatecas has an altitude of eight thousand feet, and lies about eight hundred miles south of El Paso, four hundred miles north of the City of Mexico, and five hundred miles from the Mexican Gulf. During the year that saw its founding, some three hundred and fifty years ago, there were one hundred and two sentences to death by burning in the city of Paris within six months, for

the crime of heresy. Is it any wonder that the men of that time fled from Europe to seek new homes in the remotest places of earth?

The names of the founders of Zacatecas were Baltazar Tremino de Banuelos, Cristobalde Onate, and Diego de Ibarra. It is scarcely strange that gentlemen with such names had no fear of such a word as Zacatecas. That the town was not named Banuelosburg or Onateville or Ibarra-town, in true modern fashion, was probably due to the fact of their being three founders—though why the three did not adhere to the custom of their people and gamble for the honor of naming the place, is hard to understand.

The word Zacatecas is of uncertain origin—or at least of uncertain meaning as adopted for the name of this place in the wilderness of new Spain. It may have been taken from a tribe of natives of the same name, or it may have been taken from the name of a kind of grass which grows in Mexico; or, again, it may have been taken from the zig-zag nature of the site. "One would know the name of the hog without being told, its name is so like it." The city is surely like its name.



THE CITY OF ZACATECAS.

It is as zig-zag as a mole's track and as broken as plowed ground. From the far tip-top of La Bufa down to the valley's level a thousand hills rudely interrupt each other's slopes, leaving only narrow, broken routes of descent. If water ever ran in these routes it would grow angry at the harassing banks long before it could run away at will across the level country.

The signs of mineral and mining are everywhere. The very ballast on the Mexican Central road hereabouts is silver ore. In all directions the hills seem to be fortified.

What appears to be defensive battlements are mining out-works. Many of these were built when mines were made strong against the bandits and rioters which were at any time likely to appear, and are substantial far beyond any ordinary structures for the same purpose. There are the dumps—many of them so old that they seem parts of the original mountain surface. There are the engines pumping water where once it was laboriously hauled out of the black depths in buckets made of burro skins. These burro-skin buckets are probably the only signs ever seen in Mexico of any member of the mule tribe having passed from under the burdens of life. The state of Zacatecas contains thirty-five thousand two hundred and ninety-eight square miles, being approximately as large as the state of Maine. It is the second bullion-producing state in Mexico. The briefest possible description of the geol-

ogy of the region is to say that the oldest surface rocks are syenitic, overlaid by a blue clay slate from the beds of gray-wacke and greenstone, most veins being in the clay slate. In many places barren porphyry "bufas" cover the clay slate. The secondary rocks are compact limestone, an old sandstone with granite fragments, and a clay feldspathic conglomerate easily confounded with gray-wacke. The richest veins are often found in the most elevated summits.

The mines of Zacatecas have a wonderful record. That they have put out over

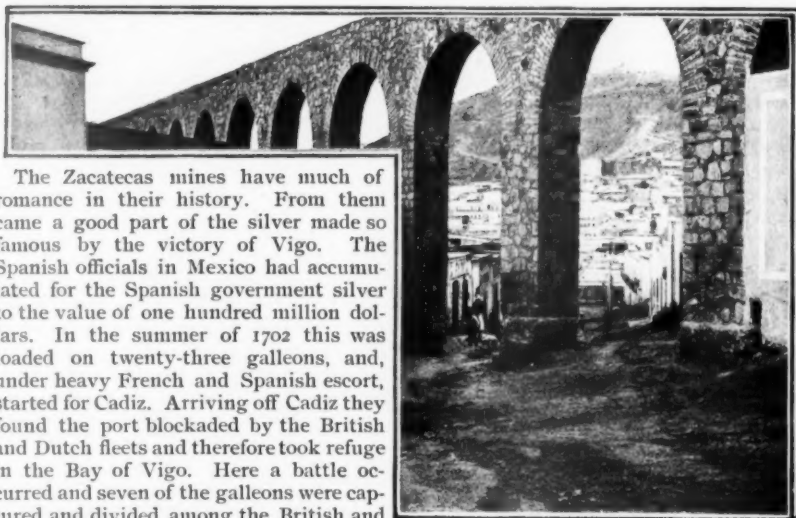
one billion dollars' worth of the precious metals is certain. The only uncertainty is as to how much more they have put out.

The antics of the individual mines are such as to make one dizzy in their contemplation. For example, "La Quebradilla," after once being exhausted, as was supposed, suddenly came to life and yielded a certain Señor Laborde the snug sum of twenty million dollars in the short space of five years.

Many of the galleries of this mine are under the streets of Zacatecas from five hundred to two thousand feet down. Many other mines in the district have skipped frivolously in and out of bonanza more times than have been counted, so that it is no longer a thing to be said that any mine is exhausted. The ore averages in value seventy dollars a ton, which is thirty dollars better than the ore of the Comstock lode. The coinage at the Zacatecas mint averages about five million dollars per annum.



HEADING IN THE BOTE MINE.

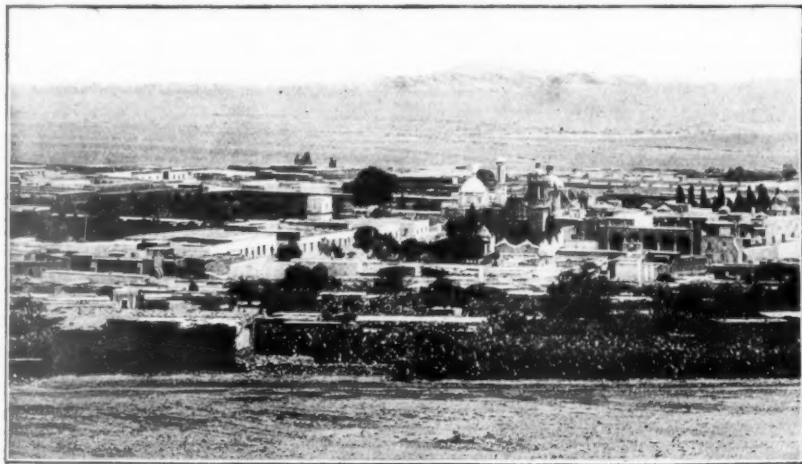


THE OLD AQUEDUCT.

The Zacatecas mines have much of romance in their history. From them came a good part of the silver made so famous by the victory of Vigo. The Spanish officials in Mexico had accumulated for the Spanish government silver to the value of one hundred million dollars. In the summer of 1702 this was loaded on twenty-three galleons, and, under heavy French and Spanish escort, started for Cadiz. Arriving off Cadiz they found the port blockaded by the British and Dutch fleets and therefore took refuge in the Bay of Vigo. Here a battle occurred and seven of the galleons were captured and divided among the British and Dutch. The remaining sixteen galleons were sunk and the treasure has never yet been recovered. This bit of high-priced romance may be relied upon as true, even though it does appear in Spanish-American history.

Modern machinery has finally displaced all the old methods in the mines, but one of these old processes held on tenaciously to the very last. It was the "patio," or yard for the reduction of ore. It is first known to have been used by Bartolome

de Medina in 1557. In this the ore was crushed fine in an "arastra," which is a sort of small circular yard overspread with ore. A heavy stone, like a mill-stone, is pulled around the yard by mules, the shaft running through the stone to a post in the center of the yard. Silver and copper amalgam, in paste form, is spread over the floor. After the paste dries somewhat, salt is added in proportion to the amount of silver supposed to



GUADALUPE.

be in the ore. The material is then mixed with shovels and trodden by mules, and, after a day or two, another mixture, of copper, vitriol and salt, is added. Then comes more mixing and treading. Then quicksilver is added, after which more mixing and treading. This process is repeated from five to fifteen times. The silver and quicksilver unite to form an amalgam, which is gathered into bags. Some of the quicksilver is squeezed out and the rest is evaporated and run off into tubs. This method saves fifty or sixty per cent. of rich ore.

But the chief interest lies underground. Let us follow the squad of somber miners as they disappear from the crisp, bright sunlight of the winter day. We gather in a cage and go down, say, a thousand feet. The cage is opened and we pass out into long and narrow streets. From the main street other still narrower streets lead away into the mountains. Many of them seem scarcely more than huge volcanic rifts in the eternal hills. Mile after mile we travel. Here the walls glisten as if studded with diamonds, there they are black and lifeless. Here they are timbered up securely or stoned, there they stand in their native strength, disdainful of all assistance.

Here let us stop for a moment and flash our lights upon the work of these dusky toilers. We see picks, drills and shovels, cars and blasting materials, and big

high hats covering lithe little men, who seem like brownies burrowing for sport in the caverns of an ant-hill. There are probably thirty-five thousand of these little men in this mid-mountain city without sunlight. They are not exactly born in the mines, for superstition keeps women out of the mines, the objection running even to visiting sight-seers. But it is only superstition that enables them to escape such an entrance into the world. Here they come as soon as they are able to do even slight work, and here they remain, with but little interruption, until translated into a world, let us hope, fuller of light, beauty and joy.

Let us now stray with our guide down this subterranean by-path in the mountain—an independent, solitary little moles' track running, as we are told, over six or seven hundred feet of irregular descent. Down we go, creeping, stooping, turning, squeezing, bumping our heads or grasping short ladders, until we are glad to sit down and take a breathing spell. Here comes a light—a flickering fire-fly light in this dismal swamp of the mineral world. It comes on and presently it reveals under it a man—a manikin. He is bent nearly double. Across his forehead is a broad strap like the breech-strap of a horse's harness. This strap goes back over the shoulders and holds up a load of ore which this solitary little digger has found down in the blackness below. We



CHAPEL OF LA BUFO.

find a niche in the wall to let him pass, or else lie down and let him step over us, and he is gone.

When this strange semblance of humanity awakes from the solitude of sleep he plunges into this solitude of silver's hiding-place, with candles and food, a stingy allowance of each, and there he remains until it is again time to sleep.

These miners are paid by the day or by the amount of ore produced. Ten or fifteen cents a day was formerly paid for millions of days of work in all the Mexican mines. The earnings in years past have been subject to a church levy of about twelve and one-half cents on every eight dollars. This is certainly a better application of the money than to lose it, as many do, in petty gambling. Many a poor fellow would have been better off if the church had only allowed him the twelve and one-half cents and kept the eight dollars. While formerly each large mine had its own chapel, the support of which, directly or indirectly, came from the miners, church relations with the people and the state in Mexico are not so very different now from church relations in the United States, and every day the difference is lessening.

The political history of Zacatecas has not been very extensive. In 1588, on account of silver contributed to the Spanish government, the title of "Noble and



IN THE BOTE MINE—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FLASH LIGHT.

Loyal City" was conceded, and a coat of arms given. Probably when the news of this great bounty from across the sea was first told in Zacatecas there was feasting and hilarity galore, so magnificently generous was the far-off government to call the city "noble and loyal," whose citizens suffered and starved and died to pour silver into the home coffers.

From time to time the waves of the Mexican wars have broken in upon the streets of the town and for a time upset its balance; but in the main it has been free of interference

from the outer world. Until the railway came it was out of the track of armies and general traffic and social processions. As the seat of government for the state of Zacatecas and the home of the governor, it has always a political importance. The present governor is in harmony with the progressive general government of Mexico, and is doing all in his power to promote trade, manufactures, schools and all other beneficial agencies.

The water for the city is brought a long distance over a stone aqueduct and is taken by the citizens from a great central fountain. The dipping from this fountain is regulated by the close scrutiny of officials, for the blessed privilege must on no account be abused. At evening and in the morning, when a delegate from each family comes for the water to which

they are entitled, the sight is strikingly picturesque. The city market is a good one and the plaza, everybody's out-door parlor, is quite ample.

When the poor devil of a miner has ceased his usefulness in the underground city he is carried to another, much more densely populated. This city of the dead is worthy of a visit. Here lie the bones and the dust of probably half a million human beings; and yet it is not a great affair in extent. The body that comes here comes with only limited rights. The grave tenure depends entirely on the amount of money paid. When the time of repose, duly paid for, has elapsed, the bones, which even in death are the victims of avarice, must up and out like a defaulting guest to make room for the next paying lodger; and so at least all arrive at the common pile where bones of prince and bones of pauper jostle each other in the democratic fashion dear to mother earth. Wars, murders and pestilence have furnished most of the occupants of this third city.

In its effort to respond to new conditions Zacatecas invited in the tram-way builder, who not only put rails in the narrow streets of the city but ran a line five or six miles down the deepest defile to the suburban village of Guada-

lupe. I shall not soon forget my ride down this line. The guard or brakeman sounded his horn and loosened his brake. Down we went. I never felt anything like it except once, in a Leadville mine, where I dropped a thousand feet that the engineer in charge might enjoy my disappointment at not being killed at the bottom of the shaft. The difference between the drop in the mine and the drop to Guadalupe was this: in the former, there was no turning of corners; in the latter, sharp corners were turned at the rate of, say, ten a minute. Presently whirling around a short curve, there stood just ahead, by the track, a Mexican team composed of a wagon and four burros. The driver saw the car coming and, losing his presence of mind, swung his whip and drove his team across the track. It was over in a moment—not the team but the accident. Glass was smashed, heads were bumped, bodies were scattered about, and nervous and physical prostration, mixed with profanity, prevailed for the moment. The burro that had derailed the car was the one calm, unruffled, unhurt and entirely unmoved thing in the vicinity.

The cathedral in Zacatecas is a fine one, though it no longer boasts of the splendor which once characterized it. Great stories are told of the wonderful



PLAZA AND FOUNTAIN IN ZACATECAS.





THE ANCIENT CATHEDRAL OF ZACATECAS.

solid silver furniture which once beautified the sacred precincts. The architecture of the cathedral is impressive. Standing before it in the moonlight, while the great bell tolls for the parting of a human soul from its life of slavery, one can easily understand the great part this solemn stone sentinel plays in the circumscribed lives of those about it. From the cradle to the grave the church is a watching mother.

In Zacatecas, as in all Mexican cities, there are very few negroes. The institution of slavery once existed in Mexico, but as early as nearly one hundred years ago it was in its decline, and in 1829 Guerrero liberated all the slaves, and in 1857 the constitution of the republic was made to read: "In the republic all men are born free. Slaves that set foot upon the national territory recover, by that single act, their liberty, and have a right to the protection of the laws." The negro race has practically disappeared from Mexico and especially from the tablelands of the country. The higher altitudes are said to disagree with it radically, though on this point it is more

likely that the altitudes are not so hostile as the character of the work which must be done by the hard-laboring classes if they propose to live. The work of uprooting negro slavery began in Mexico and in New England almost simultaneously.

The slavery of the native Indians to the Spanish conquerors of the country was abject and awful. The revolution for independence which broke out in 1810 resulted in the liberation of from seven to ten million native Indian slaves. It seemed to be always an open question whether they should be killed in all sorts of fancy styles for the edification of their masters. Thus Las Casas in 1560 wrote: "As for the continent, it is certain, and what I myself know to be true, that the Spaniards have ruined ten kingdoms there, bigger than all Spain, by the commission of all sorts of barbarity and unheard of cruelties. We dare assert without fear that, in the space of those forty years in which the Spaniards exercised their intolerable tyranny in this new world, they unjustly put to death over twelve millions of people, counting men, women and children, and it may be

affirmed without injury to truth, upon a just calculation, that during this space of time above fifty millions have died in these countries."

President Juarez, himself probably of the Toltec race, was one of the liberated Indians.

To-day in Zacatecas, as all over the republic, the descendants of this oldest people of the continent, who were first the lords of the land, then slaves of the invaders, are everywhere seen and everywhere important, although it must be admitted that they are decreasing in numbers. They now number about three million five hundred thousand souls, or, say, thirty or thirty-five per cent. of the population. The Opata-Pima race, which was originally native in Zacatecas, now numbers fifty or sixty thousand souls. The family is said to have spoken twenty-three languages, most of which have died with the extinction of the tribes speaking them.

In the plaza of Zacatecas, not wide, not very long, under almost the only trees in the city, with a splendid brocade of moonlight covering the ground, I watched the picturesque people, listened to their liquid speech and languid music, and felt that they were happy in knowing no useless ambition, nursing no foolish pride, assuming no unnecessary burdens, and never striving for high-priced victories.

Their music made their true portrait. It was rendered, as I heard it, by a band and a small serenading club. The bands of Mexico play all the music that bands play anywhere, though they have a great liking for the works of the French composers. The less pretentious music-makers linger in realms more distinctly characteristic of the country. Soft, dreamy, palpitating airs, written for the tripping and murmuring guitar and for the expression of love in the moonlight, love in colloquy, love in repartee, love in disagreement—of such is the music of the common sort. The tendency is all away from booming drums and heavy horns. I do not know the origin of such music as this. It may be from Spain or France, or may have been composed in Mexico. All I know about it is the fact that it is heard all over Mexico, is loved by those who make it, and seems in all respects characteristic of the people and their ways in common life.

What a pity that some fair proportion of the precious metal which has here gushed forth like water from the smitten rock could not have been applied for the betterment of the city and the greater happiness of its people! Happily a change has begun which must modernize the place and make of it one of the most wholesome and attractive mining cities of the world, as it is now one of the most remarkable.





EXECUTION OF THE BATAHIN TRIBESMEN

## THE TEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY OF SLATIN PASHA.

BY COLONEL SAMUEL E. TILLMAN, U. S. ARMY.

WHILE attention is being recalled to Egypt, and many are inclined to condemn England for the part she is taking in the expedition up the Nile, it may not be amiss to recall some of the facts in the recent history of the Soudan, and glance at the present condition of that unfortunate country. An abundant and reliable source of information upon the subject is to be found in the recent book, "Fire and Sword in the Soudan," by Slatin Pasha. This work will prove of great value to those concerned in shaping the future of the Soudan, and cannot fail to interest all who desire to understand the true situation. It will prove equally attractive and interesting to the general reader who seeks only remarkable experiences and conditions. Seldom, if ever, have such thrilling events been observed by one who lived to describe them.

Rudolph Slatin, at the age of eighteen, was, in the years 1874 and 1875, traveling for pleasure in the provinces of Kordofan and Darfour. General Gordon was then

governor of the Egyptian equatorial Soudan. Gordon heard of Slatin but did not meet him. In July, 1878, Gordon wrote Slatin, asking him to return to the Soudan and take service under the Egyptian government. Slatin at this time was in Bosnia, an officer in the Austrian service.

In December, 1878, he received permission, as an officer of the Austrian reserves, to depart for the Soudan. He was then twenty-two years of age. He reached Khartoum January, 1879, and there met Gordon, who was then governor-general of the Soudan. Gordon appointed him financial inspector, and in this capacity he traveled far and wide. At this time the Egyptian Soudan included the provinces of Berber and Dongola on the north, to the south of these were Gezira and Kordofan and, farther west, Darfour. There was a small strip of Equatoria south of Kordofan, and a part of Bahr el-Ghazal south of Darfour. Darfour had only been brought under the Egyptian rule about three years before. The total area was

NOTE.—The illustrations in this article are from Slatin Pasha's book, "Fire and Sword in the Soudan," by the courtesy of the publisher, Edward Arnold, New York.

somewhat greater than that of all our states east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio.

Slatin soon became disgusted at the corruption he saw and at his inability to remedy it, and resigned his position as inspector. Gordon then appointed him Mudir of Dara, which embraced the south-west portion of Darfour. Immediately upon reaching his post he was called upon to defend his province against Sultan Harun, who was trying to drive out the Egyptians. Harun was defeated and killed in March, 1880, and quiet was again restored. So scarce was money at this time that the officers, soldiers and officials of Darfour were paid their salaries in corn. Gordon resigned his office of governor-general in 1880, and returned to England. He was succeeded by Rauf Pasha, who appointed Slatin governor-general of Darfour. He reached the capital of this province, El Fasher, in April, 1881.

Soon after this, Slatin learned that a religious sheik was causing trouble near Khartoum. This man, Mohammed Ahmed, afterward became the Mahdi. He was born in Dongola, of poor and obscure parents, who claimed their descent from the Prophet. Mohammed's father was a fiki, or religious teacher, and taught his son the Koran. Mohammed went to Berber when a boy, and there studied for several years. At manhood he came to Khartoum and attached himself to a celebrated sheik, Mohammed Sherif, an exponent of the Sammania doctrine. This doctrine is one of many professing to guide the disciple

to true bliss through the precepts of the Koran. Ahmed went to the island of Abba, in the White Nile, and dug a cave in the bank of the river to live in. He soon had disciples of his own, but continued to make occasional visits to his superior. On one occasion Ahmed was heard to condemn certain privileges permitted by Sherif. This annoyed the latter, and he struck Ahmed off the list of his disciples.

Three times, in abject humility, Ahmed sought the forgiveness of his superior, but it was each time refused. Ahmed then applied for admission to another branch of the Sammania order, and was received by the superior sheik. Sherif afterward offered pardon to Ahmed, but he declined it and openly accused Sherif of violations of the religious law. This difference with the distinguished Sherif gave Ahmed notoriety and sympathy, and his island was soon frequented by visitors from many parts, who now considered him a great teacher. The gifts brought him he bestowed upon the poor. He made a journey through Kordofan, preaching to the inhabitants, and wrote a pamphlet urging the necessity for a purer religion.



RUDOLPH C. SLATIN.

Just after his return from this trip his religious superior died, and Ahmed set about erecting a tomb to his memory. While engaged in this work there came to him a man, named Abdullahi, who asked to be admitted to that branch of the Sammania order. This man has been, since 1884, the ruler of the Soudan. Abdullahi was the son of a pious man, but had not, up to that time, been devoted to

religious study. It was from Abdullahi that Slatin learned the story of the Mahdi's rise. Ahmed told Abdullahi that he had been taken into the presence of the apostles and saints, and that God had appointed him Mahdi. He professed to be guided by inspiration.

Ahmed was familiar with the general discontent in the Soudan and thought that a religious crusade might unite all the elements against the Egyptians. He therefore openly declared himself the "expected guide." After his return to his island home he declined to obey a sum-

Ahmed soon became accredited with marvelous powers and the working of miracles of all sorts. His followers increased rapidly. The governor of Fashoda attempted to arrest him and was defeated with a loss of fourteen hundred men. This gave the Mahdi great prestige; he promised the spoils of victory to those who survived in battle and Paradise to those who fell. Even when they did not join the Mahdi's army it was thought wrong by the natives to fight against so holy a man. In consequence it became difficult to secure recruits for the Eryp-

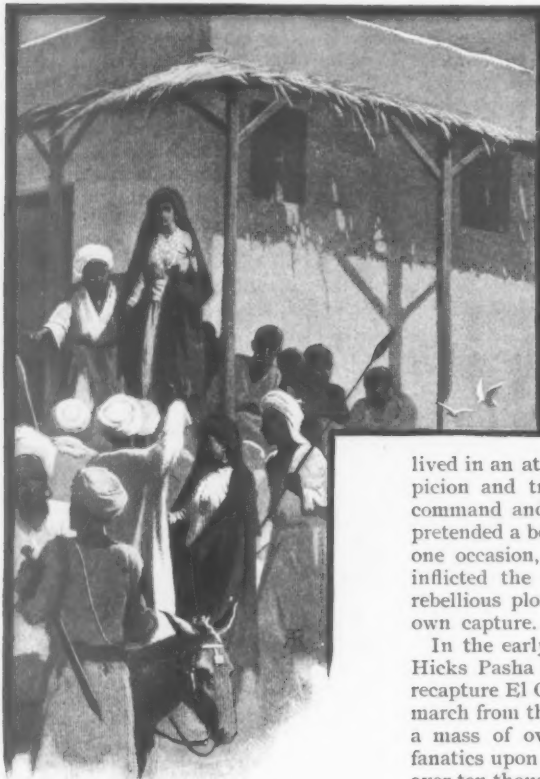


BRINGING GENERAL GORDON'S HEAD TO SLATIN.

mons of the governor-general to come to Khartoum, and at the same time declared that he was the divinely appointed master of the country. In August, 1881, two companies of soldiers were sent to arrest him. These he ambushed and defeated. Then he urged his followers to open revolt, but deemed it wise to get further away from Khartoum before beginning operations. To cover his flight he pretended to start for Jebel Mas to receive divine instructions. Before starting he appointed his four khalifas, or successors, the first of whom was Abdullahi.

tian garrisons. A force sent out from Khartoum to arrest him was totally destroyed in June, 1882. Every victory was exaggerated and attributed to divine assistance.

Great masses had by that time joined the Mahdi, and he preached night and day of the joys in store for those who should fall fighting for the true faith. On September 8, 1882, his motley force made an attack on El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, and was defeated with terrible slaughter. Though defeated there, his fanatical followers were meeting with



THE SLAVE MARKET.

many successes at smaller stations, and the Mahdi did not permit their enthusiasm to lag. The ignorant horde was incessantly urged to think only of the world to come, and his immediate subordinates did not hesitate to exaggerate the Mahdi's ordinary acts until they appeared marvelous. Meanwhile the small military outlying posts, government civil officials and their assistants fell an easy prey to the ever-increasing host of fanatics. Villages were obliterated, massacres were common and the most horrible cruelties were practised to get possession of the loot of the conquered. Young girls were in all cases considered valuable booty and were ruthlessly torn from their families and distributed among the captors.

In the early part of 1883 El Obeid was captured by the Mahdi. During this year

the Mahdi was personally very active in arousing the spirit of fanaticism, and multitudes flocked to hear him. Clad only in shirt and trousers, with a belt of straw, he preached in the open air night and day of the vanities of this world and the pleasures of the world to come.

While the Mahdi was successfully overrunning Kordofan, Slatin was making strenuous efforts to stem the tide of revolt in Darfour. He was unceasingly active and courageous, though at times in poor physical health. He

lived in an atmosphere of falsehood, suspicion and treachery. To better retain command and control of his troops he pretended a belief in Mohammedism. On one occasion, to maintain discipline he inflicted the death penalty upon some rebellious plotters on the very eve of his own capture.

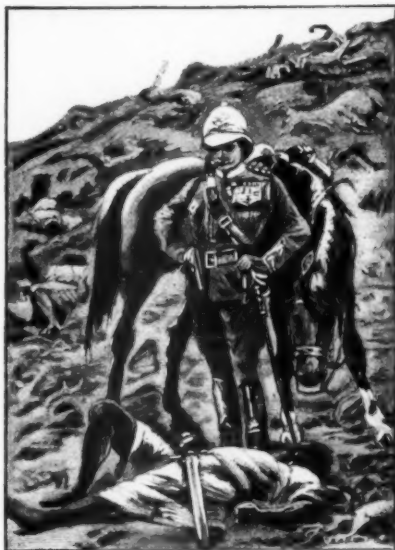
In the early part of 1883 the army of Hicks Pasha set out from Khartoum to recapture El Obeid. When only one day's march from that town, the Mahdi hurled a mass of over one hundred thousand fanatics upon the doomed command. Of over ten thousand men in Hicks Pasha's army less than five hundred escaped. This victory placed the whole Soudan at the feet of the Mahdi, except Khartoum. On December 22, 1883, Slatin became a prisoner.

In February, 1884, Gordon reached Khartoum for the last time. England and Egypt thought that his presence would quiet the agitation, and he came without any physical support. Soon after his arrival Gordon issued a proclamation appointing the Mahdi Sultan of Kordofan. To this the Mahdi replied, advising Gordon to surrender and save his life. In the latter part of June, 1884, Slatin was sent to the Mahdi's headquarters and became the servant of Abdullahi, who was the mouthpiece and principal adviser of the Mahdi. Abdullahi was cunning, cruel and treacherous, and Slatin had to live in deception and mock humility, to flatter and pretend be-



lief in his greatness and goodness. In August, 1884, the Mahdi set out for Khartoum, first summoning by proclamation all the faithful to join him, and threatening those who remained behind with loss of property. The result was such an exodus as has not been seen since the days of the Crusades. It was at this time that the Frenchman, Oliver Pain, arrived at the Mahdi's camp. His hatred of England caused him to journey to the Soudan to offer the Mahdi the assistance of the French nation. The Mahdi told Pain that he trusted in God, not in man, for help. Pain was kept a solitary prisoner—he soon forgot his mission and thought only of his family left behind. The poor fellow died of fever before reaching Khartoum.

Before the Mahdi arrived at Khartoum Gordon was already shut in by the revolting tribes along the Nile. In October, 1884, the Mahdi summoned Gordon to surrender and made Slatin write the summons. A few days afterward, upon suspicion, Slatin was thrown into chains; a little later his chains were doubled because he pleaded sickness when directed to work a gun against Khartoum. About the middle of January, 1885, the news of the battle of Abu-Klea reached the Mahdi's camp and caused great lamentation. It was now certain that the English were coming, and the Mahdi decided to make a desperate attempt to capture the town before they could arrive. The night of the



AFTER THE BATTLE OF FERKEET.

twenty-fifth of January was fixed for the grand effort. At early dawn of the twenty-sixth the city had fallen, and as the sun was climbing slowly up from the eastern horizon, Gordon's head, wrapped in cloth, was brought to Slatin's tent.

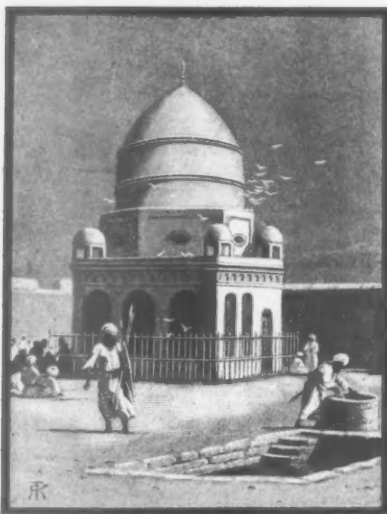
The day after the capture of the city the English vessels came within sight of Khartoum; but it was too late. They were too late also to stop the indescribable cruelties and horrors that followed.

Slatin was then still further burdened with chains and thrown into a common prison; but his courage and hope never forsook him. He was always cheerful and hopeful.

Late in the summer of 1885 the Mahdi died. This man, by taking advantage of the general discontent under Egyptian rule, and shrewdly combining it with a professed effort to regenerate religion in accordance with divine guidance, had conquered a large country and succeeded



FAMINE STRICKEN.



AT THE MAHDI'S TOMB.

in removing Egyptian authority from the entire Soudan; but his work as a religious reformer was insignificant. To be sure he united several sects which differed slightly from each other in form and ceremonials. He preached renunciation generally, prohibiting certain indulgences, as smoking, drinking and dancing. He promulgated various other restrictive rules as to conduct, and prescribed definite punishments for many specific offenses. He issued strict injunctions against the study of theology, and prohibited all commentaries thereon. He rigidly enforced his own ordinances, and severe penalties were inflicted upon any one who cast doubt upon the divine nature of his mission. Openly he was a strict exemplar of his own teachings, but according to Slatin, in privacy he and his khalifas indulged in the wildest excesses, drunkenness, riotous living and debauchery of every sort. The Mahdi was succeeded by Abdullahi, his favorite khalifa. After the fall of Khartoum

the Mahdists built a new town at Omdurman, across the river from Khartoum, and this soon became by far the more important place.

For nearly ten years afterward, Slatin acted almost constantly as an attendant on Abdullahi. In this capacity he had an experience which would have been supposed impossible in this century. He witnessed the most horrible cruelties practised under the name of justice and professedly divine direction. He saw the death penalty inflicted many times for trifling causes. On one occasion over three score Batahin tribesmen were put to death in the presence of their families, one-third being hung, one-third beheaded, and one-third deprived each of an arm and a leg. He was a frequent witness to the auction sale of girls as slaves or concubines. He saw the wholesale seizure and confiscation of private property and the most horrible sufferings from famine, caused in part by misrule. Naturally he became well acquainted with the khalifa's traits and with his administration of affairs.

For five months after the fall of Khartoum, Slatin was kept in chains. When released, his every action during ten years' attendance upon Abdullahi was closely watched, and frequent effort made to lead him into some indiscretion. To retain even his liberty of servitude, he had to lead a life of dissimulation and pretense. He constantly stultified himself by professing love for the Mahdists and happiness at being in their service. He flattered the khalifa by often assuring him

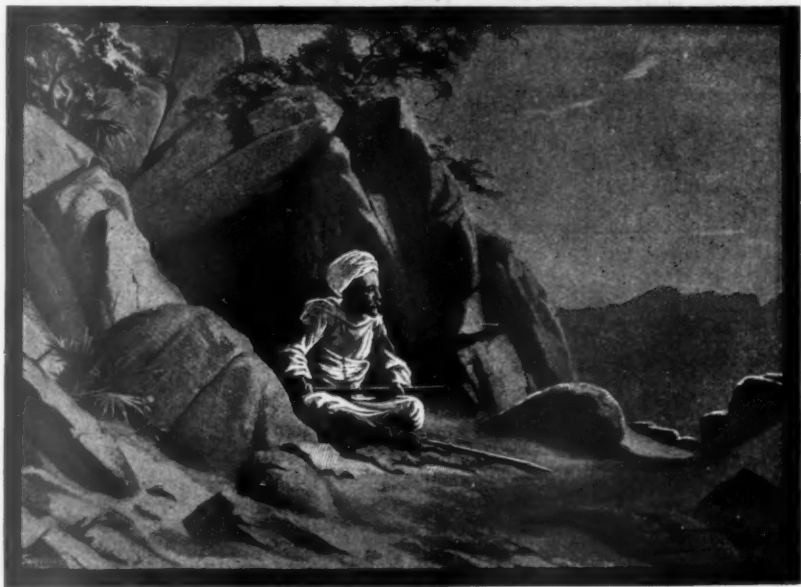


SLATIN'S FLIGHT FROM OMDURMAN.

that nothing could induce him to leave so pious a master, whose very presence pointed the way to salvation. On several occasions Slatin's ingenuity was severely taxed to dispose of wives presented him by his master, sometimes as an evidence of good will and sometimes the reverse. After ten years of this galling life and several unsuccessful attempts, Slatin, in 1895, made his escape.

Through the assistance of friends in Egypt an Arab was found willing to make an attempt to rescue him. On the night of February 21, 1895, after attending evening prayers with the khalifa

a camel and drove at the utmost speed. Near midday they were greatly alarmed by the sight of mounted men, one of whom immediately started in their direction. He proved to be a friend of Hamed. An hour after sunset, and after twenty hours' ride without food, the party made their first halt. The men refreshed themselves with dates and bread, but the tired animals would eat nothing. An hour's rest, and the march was continued. The camels could not be driven out of a walk. As the second morning dawned, it was evident that their animals would give out before reaching the next relay,



SLATIN IN HIDING IN THE HILLS.

and waiting for him to retire, Slatin left the mosque and joined the Arab, in whose hands he placed his life. As they reached the outskirts of Omdurman, from a dilapidated shed a man led a saddled camel. Slatin's conductor said: "This is your guide; his name is Zeki. He will guide you to camels hid in the desert. Make haste." Both mounted the animal, Zeki in front, and were off. Ten hours' hard ride brought them to a small grove of stunted trees, in the desert, where were hidden other camels, in charge of another man, Hamed.

It was then daylight. Each mounted

at a point far down the Nile. A little after noon, on this day, after thirty-eight hours' riding, they rested their camels until sunset. They then departed from their intended route and rode all night toward the Galif hills, reaching the range in the early morning. These hills were in the country of Zeki and Hamed. Slatin and Hamed hid in the hills while Zeki went to secure fresh animals. After four and a half days of awful suspense to Slatin, Zeki returned with fresh mounts. At sunset they again set out and rode all night without a halt. The next morning brought them to a most dangerous part

of their route. They were approaching an inhabited country. The day was one of intense anxiety, but they met only a few herders. Late in the evening they came in sight of the Nile, two hours' ride away, where they expected to find another relay of animals. Slatin remained with the camels, while Zeki and Hamed went on foot to search for the expected friends.

At early dawn Hamed returned with the sorrowful news that nothing had been found; Zeki was continuing the search. Slatin went several miles back and hid among the rocks during the day. About noon Zeki returned and reported that the expected guides had at last been found. As darkness spread over the desert Slatin crawled from his hiding place and went to join his new escort. He then bade farewell to the faithful Zeki and Hamed and placed himself in the hands of his new guides. News of Slatin's escape had been sent out and all routes were being watched. After a few hours' ride the fugitives came to the Nile and crossed it. Slatin was again hidden away all day while his escort went to procure the mounts. This day he had a very narrow escape, for several hundred of the Mahdist troops passed the hut of his guide and carried off the food that was being prepared for him. At midnight they again set out. About noon the next day the guides grew faint-hearted and Slatin was turned over to a friend of theirs. By



A RIZIGHAT WARRIOR.

promise of rich reward, Slatin made it an object for this man to conduct him safely over the remaining distance to Assuan.

After twenty-three days of flight, and after having covered nearly seven hundred miles of desert travel, Slatin reached Assuan on March 16. His joy was indescribable. Escorted by all the officers of the garrison, while the band played the Austrian national hymn, and amid the hurrahs of tourists of many nations, Slatin left that afternoon by boat for Luxor. His successful escape had been tele-

graphed over the whole world, and the next day, in Luxor, he found messages from his home in Vienna. On March 19th he reached Cairo. The Khedive immediately conferred upon him the rank of pasha. Sixteen years before, he had left Egypt a first lieutenant of the Austrian army. The contrast between barbarism and civilization was so great that Slatin could hardly realize that either his past or present was a reality.

Now he is again invading the Soudan, with the expedition marching up the Nile. He has already seen one of his former superiors among the dead of a routed army, and it is hoped, both for the advancement of civilization and the good of the Soudan, that he will witness early and complete overthrow of his late master, Abdullahi, the ruler and tyrant of that vast tract which has cost England so many lives and so much money.





THE  
YULE-LOG.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

Out of the mighty yule-log came  
The crooning of the lithe wood flame—  
A single bar of music fraught  
With cheerful yet half pensive thought—  
A thought elusive; out of reach,  
Yet trembling on the verge of speech.

## THE ALMS OF MONSIEUR L'ABBÉ.

BY JOHN J. A'BECKETT.

THE Reverend Father Francis, after three years of missionary labor in the lonely wilds of Alaska, had been bidden by his superior to return to civilization and exploit the needs of the Innuits, those untutored Eskimo for whose good he had been consuming his vital force.

Not infrequently does it befall those who penetrate to the remoter loneliness of this frozen North, with its icy sterility, its achingly silent stretches of tundra, and its goading desolation, to dissipate their reason there. The mind succumbs to the exhausting isolation of the Arctic.

Father Francis returned to more congenial conditions with his mental faculties unimpaired and his heart as hotly jealous to labor for the good of his rude Alaskans by lecturing in the East as he had been to toil for them in their own barren habitat.

One morning, after a very successful lecture the evening before, he was yet more heartened over the financial success of his venture by a postal money-order from France, which he found in his mail. It had been forwarded from Washington, which he had visited some weeks before. It was from Marseilles, whence the good Abbé François Xavier Brunel sent to Father Francis the noble donation of thirty-nine hundred francs for the Alaska mission.

Seven hundred and eighty dollars was a pretty windfall. The accompanying letter from the beneficent abbé of the warm South was a most fitting concomitant of such holy prodigality:

"I have read with abundant edification, my reverend father," the letter ran, "of your labors in Alaska. I have been moved to send you my modest alms for the benefit of these helpless sons of the frozen North, esteeming it a privilege to coöperate in so noble a spiritual work, and, despite my unworthiness, to become thereby a participant in its rewards."

Certainly a very consoling letter, charming and thoroughly French in style. Gallic asceticism does not eschew academic elegance in its periods. Father Francis

smiled at the "modest alms," but this minimizing touch accorded with the magnanimity of a French priest who contributed so goodly a sum to a mission not in charge of French missionaries. Probably this generous abbé was even more open-handed to the missions cultivated by the priestly sons of France.

He sent the order to the postal authorities in Washington, asking them to convert it into one payable at a New York office. He promptly received in reply an order for thirty-six cents, with a note that the transfer from a foreign to a domestic order involved an expenditure of three cents.

*Thirty-six cents!*

For a moment, Father Francis stared in blank amazement at this ridiculous sum. What could it mean? Of course, there was evidently a grotesque mistake somewhere. But how had they hit on *thirty-six cents*? Why *cents*? Why *thirty-six*? They said they had docked three cents, so they must have read it thirty-nine. Suddenly the good priest burst into a long, hearty laugh. It had dawned on him. The order from the abbé read "*trente-neuf cents*." Thirty-nine *hundred* (francs understood, of course). But these delightfully droll people in Washington had read it as "*thirty-nine cents*," had subtracted three cents and sent him thirty-six.

It was a most amusing misapprehension, but annoying, too. Father Francis looked at the order in this new light and acted as a "devil's advocate" against his own view of it, to see if there could be anything said for their side. A French abbé, especially one in the South of France, would not be likely to even know the English word "*cents*." But if he had used that word in English he would have put the "*trente-neuf*" in English, too. Again, had this good abbé intended to send such a feather-weight donation several thousand miles away to the scattered Eskimo of an enormous country like Alaska, he would at least have bought a two-franc money-order, which would have been forty cents.



The more he reasoned it out, the more Father Francis felt convinced that the Washington postal authorities had made a comical blunder. But as it was a misunderstanding that deprived his Innuits of seven hundred and seventy-nine dollars and sixty-one cents, it could hardly be termed slight.

He returned the order to the authorities, setting forth these reasons for declining to accept a version of the abbé's postal-order in such painful accordance with the "modest alms" of that worthy's letter. The order was returned to him unchanged, the post-office people contending that they had read it correctly and adding that the difference in moneys between the two countries made the two-franc piece, or forty cents, in France, shrink to thirty-nine cents in America.

Father Francis shook his head sadly over such perversity, but perceived that he had no choice except to write to the Abbé Brunel and tell him how tangled up his contribution was. He felt that the warm-hearted man would have much simple merriment over the opera-bouffe complication and would promptly write, securing to the Innuits their imperilled hundreds.

In due course, a thin letter floated over the Atlantic. With a smile of anticipation the Alaskan missionary tore it open quickly and read it. The elegant diction of the epistle did not prevent the clearest elucidation of the point at issue. This benefactor of foreign missions, with much fervor and rhetorical affluence, wrote that the worldly goods at his command were few, but that, happily, the good God regarded very little the sum bestowed in His name, since the intention and spirit of the donor were the precious thing. Hence he (Monsieur l'Abbé), when there were a few francs in the Sunday collection more than usual, was wont to gratify his predilection for foreign missions by sending some measure of such surplus to help plant the cross in remote and unconverted regions of the earth, albeit that his offering, as in this case of Father Francis and Alaska, could be totted up in "sous."

There was not so much oily, sweet-hearted laughter in the air as the hard-working priest of Alaska mastered the Abbé Brunel's scheme of charities. The

theology of the French cleric's position was unassailable. One could not but accord his alms the eulogy due to "the widow's mite." So Father Francis, after a light, valedictory sigh to his Innuits' vanished hundreds, rallied quickly, thanks to a keen sense of humor of the most supporting quality, and proceeded to diagnose the abbé's alms.

The forty cents which that worthy had consecrated to Alaska, in France, had shrunk to thirty-nine cents in the United States. The conversion of the foreign into a domestic money-order had reduced it to thirty-six cents. Postage on two letters to Washington trimmed this to thirty-two cents. Five cents on the letter to the abbé brought it down to twenty-seven. To take the order into New York from Jersey City, where Father Francis was, meant a five-cent car fare to the ferry, a three-cent passage of the Hudson, and another five-cent car fare to the post-office. The return trip involved a like disbursement. Total, twenty-six cents, which, subtracted from the twenty-seven cents, left the abbé benefactor to the Alaska mission to the extent of *one cent*.

To have saved the car fare, by walking, would have involved an expenditure of time, which, even at Father Francis' modest valuation, was too precious to justify its outlay for such a result.

How to expend the Abbé's cent so as to do the most good to the mission might prove matter for thought. One way to avoid any mental strain on the subject would be to consider it merged in the ten thousand dollars deriving to the Alaska mission from Father Francis' lectures. But since the alms of the Abbé had formed the subject of an international correspondence, it seemed fitting that one cent's worth of something definite should go to the frozen North as the result of this eleemosynary tribute from the tropical South. It preserved its dignity better.

When the time arrived for his return to a living death in the grim cheerlessness of his mission, Father Francis set his face courageously toward the Pole, albeit with the conviction that his next departure from Alaska would be not for the United States but for the kingdom of heaven.

Three months after his return, the distribution of prizes took place at the school of the Sisters of Saint Anne at

Kozyrevsky, on the bank of the Yukon, where was the Mission of the Holy Cross. Father Francis was to confer the awards.

The Innuït boys and girls of the school had so faithfully responded to the efforts of the Sisters in their behalf that among the foremost, who were entitled to prizes, there was a difference of only a few marks, four or five having almost attained the absolute maximum of two thousand.

A small boy, Eralok, was the first winner. Ermionok, a little moon-faced Eskimo maiden, was the second. Human nature is the same the world over. This diminutive girl-student of the Yukon felt as aggrieved at failing to win the first prize as an aspirant to a "fauteuil" in the French Academy could do over his failure to be selected to the Forty Immortals. Ermionok was bathed in tears of mortified ambition that little Eralok should have outstripped her in the race.

It is Innuït etiquette in taking a present to turn the back on the donor, thrust out the hand behind and grasp the proffered gift. In more civilized centers the back is not turned on a benefactor till the offering is secured.

Another artless feature exhibited by the small fur-clad prize-winners was to retreat with their right hand, clutching the reward of merit, held straight out from the body.

Father Francis was glad that the primitive etiquette of the Innuït caused the winners to back up for their awards. For although his warm heart pitied poor little Ermionok, heart-broken over her failure to win the first prize, he could not for the life of him prevent his benign lips from relaxing into a smile when he perceived that, with no provision on any one's part of its special fitness, the prize destined for the artlessly weeping little maid was a small red, cotton handkerchief!

The sweet smile on the priest's lips was intensified by the irresistibly comic appearance cut by Ermionok's chunky little figure as she retreated, muffled in her parki, or native tunic, with its flaring hood made of skins of the wild goose.

Hardly had he recovered his normal gentle gravity, when Father Francis desisted on one of the back seats another child who proved a yet more potent tax on his sympathy. She was a smaller girl than Ermionok but was fathoms

deeper in tearful anguish. He asked the sister the reason for this little one's tears.

"Poor little Mumyúlee!" replied the Sister regretfully. "She fell just one mark below the number necessary for a prize. I am afraid the disappointment may discourage her, for she really worked very hard."

Father Francis looked at the diminutive Niobe, watering her blasted hope with fruitless tears. It seemed to him a case where slightly tempered justice would be a worthier virtue than the Spartan rigor of exactly righteous compensation. A thought struck him that brought a twinkle to his soft blue eyes.

"How much does one of those handkerchiefs cost, Sister?" he asked softly.

"Oh, not more than a cent, really. We buy the material and make them ourselves."

One cent! The unapplied alms of the Abbé Brunel came like a flash to Father Francis' mind.

"Get me one, Sister. I will give you the cent for it," he said with decision.

Then he told the children that, thanks to a kind benefactor of the mission, far, far away in a land where it was always sunshine, and by a sea that was blue and smiling, an extra prize was to be bestowed on this occasion, and that it would be awarded to Mumyúlee for her exceptionally good record in behavior and scholarship.

When it was brought home to Mumyúlee's shattered mind that after all she was to receive a prize, her disk of tear-washed countenance was brighter from beaming happiness than from its exotic ablution. With a tread as light as air, which approved her name of Mumyúlee, "Pretty Dancer," she tripped forward breathlessly, backed up for her prize and proudly retreated with the "Abbé Brunel Special Reward" fluttering from her tiny brown hand, like the banner of a triumphant procession of the Commune.

"I am not sure," Father Francis thought, still with the humorous twinkle in his clear eye and a pathetic smile playing on his lips, "that it would be good to have it known how long an arm so small an alms can have. There might be a depressing excess of nickel contributions to the foreign missions."

## A MODERN FAIRY TALE.

BY THERON C. CRAWFORD.

Each instalment of "A MODERN FAIRY TALE" is complete in itself. The previous instalments tell a story that was somewhat in this fashion: A gentleman who has had unprecedented success in the financial world is astonished one day to discover, after he has written his signature to a check, that instead of the name "Hiram Barnard," there appears to his eyes words irrelevant and highly improper. Ringing for his chief clerk, he is astounded to hear the words which he addresses to his assistant form themselves into nonsense. Impressed with the belief that his brain is affected, he has himself conveyed to his home, and sends for a famous physician. After a careful examination, the latter frankly confesses that he fears a mental, and perhaps physical, collapse for his friend and patient. The physician advises the calling in of a man who had become famous as an adviser to those needing a specialist in important and serious affairs.

The specialist, upon going carefully into the circumstances, found that his patient, after accumulating a fortune estimated at considerably more than a hundred millions of dollars, after seeing everything that was to be seen, after meeting everybody worth meeting, had lost his interest in life. The only hope seemed to lie in the restoration to Mr. Barnard of an interest in the things about him. "What did you care for as a child?" the specialist asked. Mr. Barnard confessed to having had, in early youth, a fondness for fairy tales. "Ah! that is the very thing," replied Professor Lord. "We will have a modern fairy story, and you shall be the chief dispenser of bounties. We will give one wish to each of a number of persons, and you can tax your mind and fortune to see that it is gratified. I suppose you don't mind losing thirty or forty millions if you can manage to save your life?"

The interest of the patient seemed aroused, and the plans were at once arranged for carrying out the fairy story upon a scale of magnificence that would have taxed the resources of the fairies who figured in the olden days.

In the November COSMOPOLITAN was told the story of the first wish. The man selected for the experiment had the world before him from which to choose. He might have had "love," or "political preferment," or "social success," or "wisdom," or "profound scholarship." But his previous environment had been Wall street, and he naturally took riches; and his story is told to the end.

In this number the person selected for experiment is a woman. She might have chosen "love," or "wisdom," or "happiness," but she has chosen "social success," and her story is told to the end.

In the January COSMOPOLITAN the wish is for— But no matter. Wait and see.

### THE WISH FOR SOCIAL POSITION.

A GRAY-HAIRED priest sat in his library. To him there came a lady who had for many years sought his advice. Now she came to avow a fixed determination rather than to seek counsel.

To her he said: "You will never be happy, even if you have the full attainment of your wish."

"One should plan to satisfy his ambition. Its satisfaction is more than happiness."

"But what better object can one have in life than happiness?"

"The gratification of one's ambition."

"But does not that bring happiness?"

"I never heard that such a result necessarily follows."

"What then is the feeling?"

"That of gratified pride, which is something wholly apart from the sensation of happiness. It is the characteristic of the strong nature to seek the satisfaction found in the attainment of a high ambition. It is a weaker nature that contends for mere happiness."

"But we are taught—"

"Men seek to teach others, but each one is a law unto himself and cannot be

so taught. Each life must have its own experience. There may be an intellectual interest in the story of others, but we learn nothing except from the unfolding page of the book of our own experience."

"And you?"

"I intend to have the widest possible life and to gratify my ulterior ambition to the highest degree. A rare opportunity has come to me, and I intend to avail myself of it."

"What is your ambition?"

"To have great social position."

"Is that not a very small and unsatisfactory ambition? You have now more than ordinary wealth and social experience. Your husband's Western ventures have turned out well. You are rich. You have children who love and respect you. You are at least thirty-five years of age and should have lost most of your illusions. You love literature and music. You can travel as you please. Your husband never exacts anything of you, as he is too absorbed in his business to think of anything else."

"That's just it. I too must have a career."

"Do you call a gratification of your desire for social position a career?"

"Why not? Men fight and have fought ever since the history of the world began, for power. Women ambitious for power find their best opportunity in the social world."

"But social life is empty and insincere. It is only too often a mere parade of vanity."

"No, father; in that you err. I have always hitherto deferred to your advice, but you should know and probably would admit, in another mood, that social life is one of the great advancing forces of modern civilization. You find there graciousness, unselfishness, and good manners, based upon thought for others. The love of beauty and of order taught in the social world are the bases of its creed. To be a ruler there, means much; for the social element represents, generally, the wealth and gentle culture of the earth. It is more absolute in its rule than any other factor which enters into a complex organization of the world."

"But, pardon me, how do you expect to gain high position therein? To do that according to the view you present, one should have either great wealth, great beauty or exceptional talent."

"And even then, without tact one might fail."

"You spoke of an opportunity for you?"

"Yes; I have not yet the great wealth, but I shall have. I will spare your saying I lack 'great beauty.' I am plain, and dress will not overcome my insignificant appearance, but I hope I have some talent and tact. This, united to the opportunity which now comes to me, must give me what I want. Two years from now you will hear of me as one of the great social leaders of the world."

"But how is all this to be accomplished," said the father, shaking his head. "Let us suppose that you succeed. Your husband will not follow you and your family will thus become divided."

"No more than now. My husband is so buried in his business that, so far as his everyday thought goes, we do not exist. He, too, follows an ambition. He wishes to become the richest man in the United States. Nothing I can do or wish would influence him. He follows his destiny; I, mine."

"But the opportunity?"

"It comes to me through so whimsical a chance that you would not believe in it if I were to describe it to you. You might regard me as supremely foolish for even considering it. I am to-day exactly in the position of the child in the fairy tale who was offered the fulfillment of one wish. Social power is my selection."

"Assuming what you say to be true, why did you not wish for happiness? What else is there in the world to be desired?"

"Because I felt above such a weakness. If I am to be happy it will only be in the path of my ambition."

"When does this new career begin?"

"At once."

"And where?"

"In London—the social, financial and political capital of the world."

Here the conversation closed. The priest resumed his meditations, while his caller departed to follow the star of destiny in a world far from his control.

\* \* \* \*

Words of advice written by John Lord, Professor of Common Sense, to his client Mrs. Helen Donald, upon the eve of her departure for London:

"You are to be perfectly free. Hiram Barnard, the president of the Universal Trust, will see that your husband's great speculations shall succeed beyond his most ardent hopes and desires. The money you need will come therefore directly from a natural source. So long as your husband is not disturbed in his plans he will not dream of denying you anything, however great may be your drafts. Remember to play your part. Keep your surroundings high and make yourself as difficult of approach as if you were royal. Build your home in London upon a great scale of magnificence and really seek to entertain, never to dazzle. Follow at first established lines of procedure. Society tolerates few innovations except in the line of a real improvement. When you are once in London, the offices of the Universal Trust will place every kind of person at your disposal that you may need. You are not even to thank them for their services. You need never reserve even the tiniest feeling of gratitude for any of the people connected with



Drawn by  
B. West Clinedinst.

"A GRAY-HAIRED PRIEST SAT IN HIS LIBRARY."

this experiment of giving you your heart's desire."

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Five years from this date Mrs. Helen Donald had a position in London which was envied by her compatriots, and far beyond that of any foreigner not possessing official station who had visited London. She was not a stranger to polite society in America. As a leader in a select circle in Portland she had learned well her part as a woman of the world. She had traveled enough in Europe before her visit to London to enable her to talk the language of the mixed and cosmopolitan society found there. She built upon no ordinary lines. She kept carefully away from the society of her own country people. She argued to herself that they had no position to give to her, and as most of them were struggling to enter the world of society in the English capital, she preferred, for purely business reasons, to associate herself only with those who could be of advantage to her.

She conducted her campaign upon large and splendid lines. She gave no ordinary entertainments. Her house and establishment were always of the best and, so far as diplomatic management was concerned, she had constantly the advice of the great princes of the Universal Trust. Mrs. Donald had great courage, great self-poise, and one of those inquiring minds which rejected nothing without consideration and accepted without prejudice what appealed to it.

A picture of her life during the closing period of what I may call the first transition, is to be found in an elaborate letter sent by Mrs. Donald to Professor Lord in New York. It has been my privilege to take from it the following extracts, which may give an idea of the character and individuality of the woman who concentrated her life upon the wish for social success.

\* \* \* \*

"I have been very negligent of late. Although you did not require it I felt it for a long time my duty to make to you



weekly reports of my career in London. Now that that success has grown as the years have passed, I seem to have reached another stage of social existence. I seem to be again in a period of transition. This morning I accompanied my daughter to court. It was the first time I had seen her, with the exception of an occasional call made by me upon her at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Paris, where she had been for the last three years. She is a strange, beautiful girl representing the higher product of modern civilization, and yet she appeared to me this morning like a stranger. The past three years in particular have been filled with so much excitement and success that the incidents, and people even, with whom I was formerly associated appear to have passed from me. It is a strange thing to say that I have lost all feeling of intimacy and acquaintance with the members of my own family.

"My success in London you know of, to the last shred of detail. I have followed your advice thoroughly, and yet as I faced my daughter this morning, I felt that perhaps there was something wrong in the situation which brought us two into relations where civility and formal politeness instead of affection ruled. No one could be more polite and sweet to me than my daughter. Her manners are perfect, as is her dress. Let me describe her to you as she appeared to me this morning. She is tall for her age, which is now eighteen, and very slight. She carries her head with a beautiful poise, dignity and character rare in a girl so young. Her complexion comes from Oregon, and in that she is a true Oregon girl. It is pure, with a depth of tone and delicacy rarely produced in any other climate. Her features are very regular, but the attraction of her face is found in her eyes, which are a dark velvety brown, in striking contrast with the ashy blonde curve of her eyebrows and the dainty delicate gold of her hair. She is too self-controlled, too easy, too polite for me to feel she is really my daughter. For me she has every consideration; I do not think it would be possible for her to say to me a rude thing or to contradict my wish, yet I feel that I have over her no real control, and that back of that serene kindness there is an imperious dominat-

ing will stronger than my own. It is strange for me to have in my house such an elegant, self-controlled person. I am beginning to feel for her a very deep affection, but I dare not express it. It seems to me as if any approach in this direction would ruffle the plumage of this beautiful bird of passage which is for the moment in my house.

"Although she has been for three years housed within the great silent walls of one of the most exclusive schools in the world, nothing in the life about her seems to be a surprise. She has the alert interest of youth, but none of its enthusiasm. I see in her brown eyes always the same shadow of calculation. You feel that you can always interest her intellectually, but instinctively feel that an appeal to her emotions might not succeed.

\* \* \* \*

"I shall never forget this morning, when we were seated in our carriage in the Mall waiting our turn to drive to the gateway of Buckingham Palace. It was a lovely spring morning; the park was beginning to show its first green. For nearly half a mile the glittering carriages, with their gaily bedecked coachmen, were massed in line between the two lines of chattering London street people. You know that this is one of the popular sights of London, and in this strange democratic monarchy there are no lines or guards to keep the people back until the gates of the palace itself are reached. For four hours we were the center of attention of a varied group of curiosity seekers. I shall never forget the freedom of comment. If we had been lay figures in Madame Tussaud's the criticism could not have been freer, and yet no one used a disrespectful or vulgar word. My daughter in her court dress of white satin, with the traditional veil falling from her beautiful head, sat throughout this trial of patience and of physical strength with as much calmness and self-control as a young queen. Through the favor of the minister we were presented with the diplomatic circle, and my daughter and I were thus enabled to view the procession of people anxious for court honors, at our ease. It was a strange sight, the haughty simplicity of those who received and the cringing scr-



vility and genuflections of those who were presented. The ceremony which surrounded it gave to the picture an unreality that constantly suggested the theater, but it was during this scene that I observed that my daughter attracted the attention of Prince Krapotkine, of the Russian Imperial Legation and a third cousin of the Czar. You have often heard of his notoriety, his debts and his mad escapades. My first feeling was that of terror when I observed the interest shown in his face as he gazed upon my daughter. Later, in one of the outer rooms beyond the formal reception chamber, he came with his ambassador and was presented to her.

"I now realized what a stranger my daughter had become to me. She had been made a part of my social structure. In my plans I had arranged for her to marry at least a prince; I had never thought of anything but a marriage which would give her even a better position in the world than the one I now occupy. But I had not dreamed of such a prince as this, the hero of a thousand scandals, who had been banished from half of the courts of Europe, and whose gambling debts were colossal; and yet he is a handsome man with engaging and insinuating manners and that polish which comes from long living in distinguished circles. You who have lived in Europe can understand, as few people can in America, how the magic title of prince covers all wrongdoing.

\* \* \* \*

"This is no love story that I have to relate. From the first day the prince seemed to be dominated with a mad passion for my daughter. Her youth, her fortune, her magnificent beauty and serene self-possession seemed to make him mad for the moment with the desire to possess her. Upon her part there was never the semblance of any feeling. Throughout the formalities of the courtship she was to him as to all others—polite, gentle-mannered and ever attractive. From the first I discouraged his suit, but in the end I remembered that after all he was a prince, third cousin of the Czar, and that the Princess Krapotkine would have, with the fortune that would come to my daughter, one of the

most dazzling positions in Europe; for when a wicked prince foregoes his scandals and marries enough fortune to re-establish himself financially, he becomes at once a saint in European circles.

"I never sought to influence my daughter in any way; in fact, there was a real desire upon my part to leave her free, and if she had refused him outright I think now that I should have been glad; but she considered his proposals calmly and tranquilly. She said to me, 'I will be a princess; that is my ambition. You have yours, why should not your daughter have hers? I am well aware that he is not a perfect being; far from it. He is, however, a traditional prince. He has been a little more energetic and vivacious than the majority of them, and I do not labor under the delusion that I shall reform or change him in any way; but I shall be able to give him a full equivalent for the position that he can confer upon me.'

"It was in this tranquil way that this contract of marriage was discussed between us. The father was consulted only at the last; the matter of dowry was arranged between the lawyers; but even these details were also passed upon by my daughter.

"The marriage was a magnificent ceremonial. You have read all about that in the newspapers; the enormous fortune settled upon the bride and upon the prince; the presents; the guests—all these details have been published over and over again. After all was over my compatriots in London congratulated me upon my brilliant success, but for some reason I felt anything but happy when my daughter left me, the same serene, proud, polite stranger who had entered my house only a few months before. She carried herself with such self-control and resolution that I felt that, whatever the future held in store for her, she would at least be the mistress of her own fortune and carry a bold front against any untoward circumstance.

\* \* \* \*

"It was at this time that I was made to feel the bitter pangs of slander and envy. My success in London up to this time had been of a character that did not appear too much upon the surface.

"The news of my great wealth now spread and I was besieged upon every side by the titled people of all classes, who came to sell to me social favors for money. I never made the mistake, however, of placing myself in such hands, for the people of rank and title in London who have no money and who go freely in English society, accompanied by American protégés, are classed, at once, with the same people who conduct wandering troops of excursionists throughout Europe.

"I early established myself, as you suggested, in a palatial home and sought only the society of those who really could aid me. From the first day of my arrival in London I had been advised by that grim and kindly solicitor recommended to me by Mr. Barnard, and through his influence the leading men of Europe were soon grouped about me, and the rest followed as a matter of course; yet I never reached a point where I had a complete feeling of ease with these people. Society is very subtle. Those who are of it, who breathe its life, who speak its language, its jargon, know its codes, are never so happy as when they are out of it. Those who strive to identify themselves with it, who have not had the years of training and of heredity in connection with it, are apt to find it is only their children who really become initiated.

"What is this sense of initiation? It is difficult to define it in words. I have had my house filled from time to time with the most distinguished people in Europe; I have had the leading people of London at my dinner-table; I have had the Prince of Wales as an honored guest; everything seemed to move about me in harmonious and refined lines, and yet there was an interior sense which always told me that people about me spoke a language unknown to me; that they were interested in topics that could not remotely concern me, and that we touched at comparatively few points of contact.

"My position, after the marriage of my daughter, made me a very marked character in London. I was besieged everywhere by my compatriots for aid in entering into the charming portals of London society. I was flattered and fawned upon with an obsequiousness impossible to be conceived of in any other

walk of life, and, where I was obliged to refuse favors demanded, I was pursued with a malignity and envy beyond the power of words to describe. Biographical sketches, purporting to be accurate, made me out the daughter of a washer-woman; my husband, a vulgar miner, who had by good fortune 'struck it rich' and so had become many times a millionaire. Every phase of vulgarity and every form of lie were published freely and without fear of contradiction. What woman would dare to contradict the insinuating lying paragraphs of society newspapers?

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"One morning, three years after my daughter's marriage, I received a dispatch from her from Paris, saying: 'I will be with you to-morrow morning at breakfast.' This was a surprise to me, as the last I had heard from her she was in St. Petersburg and had given me no intimation of a visit. Two children had been born to her during these three years, a son and a daughter. The second child was then only six months old. I had never seen either of them. Although I had received a number of invitations to visit my daughter, my engagements in London had kept me from accepting. She had always intended to visit me, but the years had drifted on and she had not carried out her intentions. This dispatch was an unusual surprise, because there came with it a suggestion of something wrong. So far as the public knew, the marriage had been a happy one. The prince, to all appearances, had reformed. I had heard nothing but of the brilliant successes of my daughter and of the kindness shown her by the Czar and Czarina upon several occasions when she was one of the principal figures at the imperial receptions.

"The dispatch added that her children and servants were with her.

"The next morning the Princess Krapotkine, followed by a small retinue of servants, arrived at nine o'clock. I met them in the hall, but it was only in the breakfast-room that I had a good look at my grandchildren. First there was the tawny prince, the older, in the arms of a French nurse—a child of sixteen months just beginning to walk; and the baby,

the Princess Olga, a child of six months, in the arms of a Russian wet-nurse. I will spare you any description of my grandchildren. They looked strong and healthy, and, let me confess to a bit of vanity, they did not look less interesting to me because they were a prince and princess. When the children and the servants were swept out of the room and we were alone, my daughter, who had formally embraced me, said, curtly and directly:

"I have left the prince."

"Do you mean to—"

"Yes, that I have broken with him; that I have left his house and have brought the children with me, and that I never intend to live with him again. He followed me to Paris and there would have invoked the French law to get possession of the children, but I came away in the night."

"I was so overcome that for a moment I could not formulate any questions. My daughter anticipated everything. She seemed to be consumed by a silent rage which made her face look as cold as steel."

"Naturally you would ask why I have left him. For no ordinary reason, you may be sure. I schooled myself for the future when I married him. I did not expect him to change his life for me, and he did not. It was only a short time after our marriage when he became everything that he was before, and more. When he had exhausted his means he came to

me and expected that I would furnish him money from my own private fortune settled upon me by my father. I knew that that would mean throwing the remainder into the hopeless gulf of gambling. I thought of the children and refused. Perhaps I might have refused him more politely, but he came to me with as imperious a demand as if I were a servant, and when I refused him as curtly as if he were a beggar in the street, this proud prince revenged himself by striking me in the face, and I fell to the floor from the weight of the blow."

"I stood up and rushed to my daughter in a perfect agony of pitying affection. Tears of mortification streamed down my face, but before I could reach her she had repelled me with haughty gesture."

"No," said she; "it is too late for that. I did not come to you for that kind of sympathy. I married this man with my eyes wide open and I will abide by the result. I will create no more scandal than is necessary. I will do nothing that

will injure you, but escape him I must. I shall want your house as an asylum. I seek here protection, for a prince, you know, is all-powerful, and I am afraid that even in England I cannot hold my children against him."

"Ten minutes after this interview we were in a carriage, driving to my solicitors. There we learned that nothing



Drawn by  
B. West  
Citedinst.

WRITERS IN SOCIETY NEWSPAPERS MADE  
LIGHT OF HER.

but flight to America would enable my daughter to keep her children from being returned to the guardianship of the prince. As it was, if it had not been for the fact that my son had a yacht lying off the Isle of Wight the prince would have triumphed in England, for he had every steamer watched and his agents everywhere.

"We went to Southampton, ostensibly to take the steamer there, but swiftly diverted our route to the yacht of my son. By this means my daughter was enabled to escape.

\* \* \* \*

"This story I am really writing you in the form of a diary, because I wrote nothing for several months after penning the above. Your kindness to my daughter and your skill in protecting her from the intriguing attempts of the prince to capture the children have given me the only pleasure I have had in this trying time.

"I shall never forget the day my daughter returned to England after a compromise had been arranged with the prince, and when she found even her iron resolution broken. She said to me:

"I have made up my mind to go back to him. I have made the best business arrangement possible for the protection of my personal liberty and independence, but life for me upon the divided lines of obscurity and continued flight, like a criminal, is too much. I look also to my children and their future; and then again, if you please, my personal ambition made me forget. I have been ignoble enough, mother, to pardon a man who struck me, and I shall go back to my life and its lessons, taught that when one is born a prince everything that he does is right, and that when one is born a woman, all that she can do is to yield."

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Donald's career really began one morning after her daughter had returned to St. Petersburg. Her first boy, now a man, remained in America with his father. The second, and her favorite, insisted upon living in Paris. Mrs. Donald could not endure Paris except for a tour of shopping and pleasure; so she was now almost alone in her great house. Her husband steadily refused to leave

his money-making, and she would not have known what to have done with him if he had.

One morning, just after the midday breakfast, when her carriage was waiting to take her for a drive, a card came to her bearing the name of the celebrated Mortimer Mortimer, who had made such a dazzling reputation in London only a few years before as the head of the society charged with the reformation of the world. Leading a pure, upright life, surrounded by mystery and magnificence, he had first thrilled the public with curiosity, by presenting to society a series of experiments showing him to be the master of a potent psychological power that gave him the air of a great magician. Then he apparently disappeared, and as the world is a very busy one, he soon ceased to be more than a vague memory.

Mrs. Donald had seen and heard enough of him to be interested in the return of this once famous man, particularly as this return was signaled by a call upon her. There had been no acquaintance between them to warrant giving the call any unusual significance. It was with a great feeling of curiosity that the now great London lady descended the wide oaken stairway of her house, dressed for a drive, to meet the bygone celebrity who dared to risk his reputation by a return from the enchanting regions of silence and mystery that had closed over him before any one had thought of becoming tired of him or of his preachings.

The visitor was standing in the small reception-room at the right of the great hall in a position of deep reverie. At the sound of Mrs. Donald's footstep he turned with a bow of great dignity, as he said:

"Doubtless you are surprised at a call from me. I am a friend of Mr. Barnard, of the Universal Trust—"

Mrs. Donald frowned. It was no part of her plan to have this element of bygone support now appear too prominently in her life.

The caller continued: "I have not called to offer any service, but to ask one."

At this Mrs. Donald smiled graciously. She was now in a superior position and at her ease. Mr. Mortimer became instantly an object of curious attention. "I remember you very well," said she. "I met you a number of times when you

were one of the social lions of London. It is very odd that you should seek a favor from any one. I thought that you dispensed favors and that your powers were beyond those of the ordinary mortal. You seem now so much younger than when I saw you a few years ago. Then you looked at least fifty years old; now you look to be no more than thirty-five. Have you at last returned to us with the secret of restoring youth?"

"I know that secret."

"If that becomes known you will be more of a lion than ever. As I remember you, you were always serious and not given to joking." This polite phrase did not conceal a look of incredulity on her face, which was answered by her caller saying:

"I still am serious and mean exactly what I say."

"And yet you come to ask a favor, while you appear to have the power to confer the greatest. Could you impart that secret to me? Let me test its virtue."

"I could; but if I were to tell you, you would not at present be able to avail yourself of it. It would be the same as if I were to give you the story of the process in an unknown language. You must first learn the language."

"And will you teach me?"

"At the proper time. You remember me as at the head of a society whose object was the regeneration of the world. I am still at the head of that organization. We are trying no peculiarly heroic nor impossible things. We are seeking to restore to mankind the natural feeling of kindness which has disappeared through fierce competition and in the upward struggle of the race. This struggle, up to a certain period, has been necessary. Instead of war, we aim now to introduce peace. We began our work by charging each member of our society with the care and upbringing of one unloved, deserted child. In this way we have made wonderful progress, but we found that this was only a narrow way of reaching what we desired to accomplish. It is not enough to look after the poor. I have come back to organize a new society, and that is at present charged with the reform of the rich and powerful."

"The rich and the powerful?"

"Yes; they need help even more than the poor. Yes; rich people. I mean reform their way of living, not through personal appeals, but through a series of object-lessons. Most people lack originality. They need guiding, to lead them out of the routine of life each one models after the other. It is your social ambition that has attracted me. You can do so much, if you will, to improve the condition of poor rich people."

"I must confess I do not understand."

"Naturally you have been led, as every one, to regard the position of riches as the most desirable in the world. For that position the average man strives with all his strength and will. But what use does he make of it after it is once obtained? It is rare even that he is able to intelligently amuse himself in any other way than by the further increase of his possessions. All the average rich man obtains from his riches is a small sense of purse-pride and a consciousness that he is more of a slave as he grows richer. This is no homily directed against wealth. It is a power great and vast. I regret that people who possess it so often get out of it merely food, shelter and clothes and more work."

"But you forget the good rich people do. The works of philanthropy, the aid to the poor, the founding of great hospitals, of institutions of learning; do not these occur to you?"

"Yes. But here again is the same lack of originality. A rich man with a kind heart may want to do some good, and so he writes a check and sends it to the organization that he thinks most deserving. But that hardly costs him a thought and certainly no self-denial. To do good through some well-established organization is considered the safest way. Personal effort, through lack of knowledge, real interest or time, is apt to be misdirected. In reality, when it comes to deeds of actual charity, the poor do more for each other every day than do the rich in a year. I do not deny the good done by the rich, but I do decry their tremendous and stupid abuse of the great power they have in their hands. It is on account of your position, which is already high among the most representative of your class, that I invite you to coöperate with me and thereby arrive at even a higher



position, whereby you will become such a queen of the world in which you live that royalty even will hardly dispute your precedence."

Mrs. Donald's eyes flashed. She knew Mortimer Mortimer as no ordinary man—one who had commanded the highest attention and respect everywhere; and when he spoke with such assurance his dominating personality impressed one with a sense of conviction that everything he might propose would be strictly within the range of possibility. She however said nothing but waited quietly for further explanation.

"I shall not more than make a suggestion. Let us begin a series of social experiments. I know ordinary experiments, socially, are dangerous, but you will make these the reverse of dangerous."

"Where do you propose to begin?"

"With the present system of dining."

"How can you change that?"

"The present system of eating is crude and coarse. There has been no advance in its art since the Christian era. We are even inferior in the refinement and arts of cookery to the best work of the Roman epicures. We are far behind them in the beauty and luxury of dining, from the mere standpoint of a brilliant spectacle. To think that the mind of man has not yet conceived of anything more refined than the sitting down to the eating of the cooked flesh of animals or fowls, whose lives have been destroyed to make a dish for the human savage!"

"Human savage!"

"Yes; human savage—who once ate his flesh raw. Now he cooks it. That is the progress he has made through the ages."

"I hope you are not a vegetarian. I could not think of trying any experiments in that direction."

"That is only one of the many steps in the wrong path. To repeat, that would hardly give you any special honor. No. I will show you a new world of science where men should long ago have been pioneers. But what rich man, up to the present time, has thought of reforming cookery so as to banish the murderous knife and fork, the tearing apart of cooked flesh, and the grotesque pitching fork-loads of this food into yawning caverns of mouths, during intervals of conversation? It is only the habit of centuries

that has accustomed us to these crudities. The animals, who have also our same food-habits, are more sensible than we in that they prefer to eat alone and not display their savagery in company. No disguise of refinement, no adornment of art, can absolutely make dining anything but a coarse spectacle. The drinking of numerous wines is made necessary in connection with any elaborate dinner, in order to strengthen poor nature for the needless burden it is called upon to bear. Think for a moment what would be the ordinary formal dinner without wine. Look at the result afterward—heaviness and physical injury. No constitution can endure a long series of modern dinners without breaking down."

"What should a dinner be?"

"It should be, in the first place, a gathering of people of congenial tastes. But I could better illustrate if you will consent to act as hostess to a dinner to be given under my directions, which I hope may mark-an era in social entertaining. It will be done all in your name and at your house. You must give me possession of your dining-room and of your kitchen for at least a week."

Mrs. Donald's face glowed with pleasure. She recalled what a stir had been made by the unexplained disappearance of Mortimer Mortimer from London society only a few years ago, not long enough in the past to dim the sensation of a dinner given to meet the returned hero of mystery and mysticism.

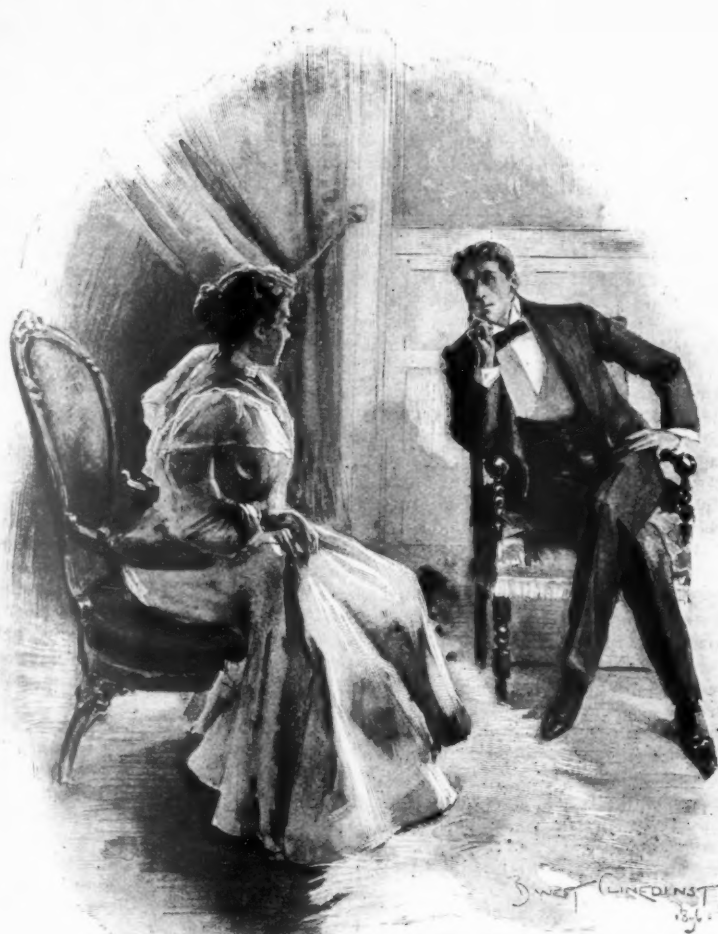
"Anything you propose, I am sure," said she, "will only redound to my honor and credit. I shall be pleased to place myself and my house at your disposal for the experiment proposed. Let us see how much you can improve upon modern methods in the way of entertaining."

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Story of the dinner given in a letter from the general commanding the English army to his wife in the country. The introduction, treating of certain personal matters, is omitted:

"\* \* \* In my last letter to you I sent you the invitation to dinner of Mrs. Donald, to meet Mortimer Mortimer, who had returned to London again. I remember how he used to amuse you with his fantastic theories. I am disappointed





Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

"HAVE YOU AT LAST RETURNED TO US WITH THE SECRET OF RESTORING YOUTH?"

that you were unable to run up. I hope your mother is improving rapidly. I think you might have left her for one day, but you were the best judge. To make it up to you, I will try and give you as full a report as I can of this most extraordinary occasion.

"In the first place, there were only ten guests, such notables as could not be found in the house of any English commoner. But Mrs. Donald's taste, originality and knowledge of the world here,

have made her such a distinct personage that she has at her house whom she wills.

"This dinner, in point of guests, was something beyond what this charming lady has before accomplished. I fancy the mysterious renown of Mortimer Mortimer may have helped. First there was H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, the King of Belgium, who is in town incognito; Prince Henry of Prussia, the prime minister and his wife; the general commanding the army, your humble servant; Lady

Rivers, Lord Rothschild, Mortimer Mortimer and the Hon. Mary Stewart.

"It was not an easy list of guests to arrange, being somewhat unbalanced by the preponderance of gentlemen, but the two most noted professional beauties of the season, Lady R. and the Hon. Mary Stewart, were sufficient in themselves to have entertained a full regiment. There was not a single guest who could be considered strange to the other. Leopold alone had not seen Mortimer Mortimer, although he had often heard of him.

"We were all very exact except the royal guests. They came in together about half-past eight. They were in plain evening dress, without even an order or a ribbon. They came in high spirits, as if prepared to enjoy themselves. His Royal Highness himself was in a specially kindly humor. He greeted some of us almost with affection. He was very gracious to Mortimer Mortimer, presented him to Leopold, and then gracefully saluted the ladies. Then, at a signal from our hostess, the doors at the lower part of the dining-room opened and a tall, slight Arabian girl, in full costume, first clapped her hands and then salaamed, as a signal that the dinner was served. 'Pon my word, it was very pretty.

"You remember the dining-room of the old duke's house, now occupied by Mrs. Donald? It is large enough to maneuver a squadron of cavalry. It was lighted, as we entered, as I have never seen any room lighted before. It was an all-pervading luminosity that dispersed all shadows, while it in no sense was glaring. The table was circular and dazzling in the snowy simplicity of its linen. A huge low, silver vase filled with a strange, heavy, dull, creamy-white flower (the American water-lily, Mrs. Donald said), with long pale-green stems, was the only attempt at decoration. I observed no knives or forks upon the table. Tiny pale-blue plates with central medallions first attracted my eye in glancing at the table, as we slowly swept down upon it. The wine-glasses at each plate represented every hue of the rainbow. Their forms were so graceful as to attract at once the notice of His Royal Highness, who is passionately fond of beautiful glass work. As we were seated

I observed no servants in view beyond the beautiful Arabian girl who had announced the dinner. About the table were great paneled screens in green and gold, each panel representing some exquisite study in color. I thought, it is doubtless behind these screens that the servants and the good things were ambushed. I was furiously hungry and very ready to begin when we were seated at the table. Although we were arranged quite in the lines of proper precedent, the effect was to have the four ladies at the four opposing points of the circle.

"The professional beauties were in high feather. The blonde Lady Rivers was in white, excessively décolleté and fairly blazing with diamonds. The Hon. Mary was in black, with a dazzling necklace of rubies that flashed in contrast to the soft red of the great rose in her blue-black hair. Both were in their best form and arched and prinked as pretty women will under the inspiration of being the objects of attention in such a select and distinguished circle.

"I assure you Mrs. Donald herself could not have played the part of hostess better. She was so simple and direct that you might have fancied she had been accustomed all her life to entertaining royalty.

"The Arabian girl, with a swift movement, just as we were settling ourselves, slipped around and filled the pale-green glasses of our collection with a translucent liquid that resembled no wine that I have ever seen. A light foam sparkled upon its surface. It was so delicate that you rather inhaled than drank it. Unconsciously the guests had raised their glasses, as if by military order, together. The result was a nervous shock, a thrill, and then beatitude. No other word will express it.

"We all turned eagerly toward Mrs. Donald, the same question upon our lips, but she, before a word was uttered, said to Mortimer Mortimer: 'Will you prepare the guests before the first course is served?'

"He waved his hand about the circle as he said: 'What I have to say will be very short. I will not be so cruel as to put a speech ahead of the dinner.' That remark pleased His Royal Highness, I assure you. Even the prime minister said 'Hear, hear.'

"Mrs. Donald has kindly consented to give a dinner upon new principles."

"The men at the table, I must confess, at this point shuddered. It was His Royal Highness who alone looked undisturbed. He even said: 'If the dinner is up to the standard of the first beverage, wine or brew or whatever its heavenly name may be, Mrs. Donald will need to offer no apologies.'"

"Your hostess," said Mortimer Mortimer, "has not risked too much. Behind the table at the right will be found all the courses of an elaborate modern dinner. For every item of the menu submitted by me that does not please each and every one, there will be instantly substituted some item from the dinner you all know and understand."

"At this the shadow of gloom that had

first appeared upon the faces of the men cleared away.

"Mortimer Mortimer only spoke a word after this. 'Modern dining,' said he, 'I hold is crude and unrefined. Wealth has done so little in the way of research to mitigate its coarse horrors.'"

"Coarse horrors is good," I said to myself. No picture could have looked handsomer to me than the sight of a good steaming roast of beef.

"In the first place, the main object of food is to sustain life, and the next is to have it please the palate."

"Even as he spoke the Arabian girl appeared from behind the screen followed by a troop of companions, one for each guest. The attendants upon royalty wore flaming red, while the others were clothed in robes, so varying in a key of color that I was at first puzzled at the variety while I wondered at the harmony produced.

"It was a soup that now was served in pale-pink plates with a white line of arabesques about their thin edges. The soup was a golden-red and very clear. Its first taste was as convincing as the wine. A lovely glow followed its caressing way down the throat from the mouth. I cannot now describe its taste, only the effect—that was one of perfect rest, contentment and well-being. The sensation was one of profound luxury while the mind was stimulated to a new sense of clearness.

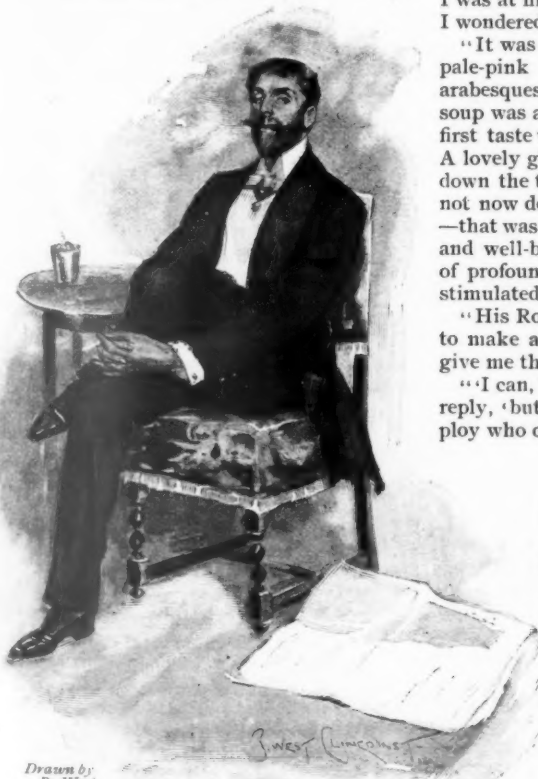
"His Royal Highness was the first one to make a practical remark. 'Can you give me the recipe for that soup?'"

"I can, Your Royal Highness," was the reply, 'but you have no cook in your employ who can make it.'

"Have you one?"

"I am the cook that has produced this and the other items to come. I have some skilled assistants in the kitchen; I might spare you one. But we are still new in our work, and the innovations progress slowly," said Mrs. Donald. "Please remember, if anything displeases you, you have the other menu at your disposal."

"There was a chorus of protest from every one, at the likelihood of any such contingency.



Drawn by  
B. West  
Clinedinst.

HE GAZED WITH INTEREST UPON MY DAUGHTER.

"The basis of every sensation,' said Mortimer Mortimer, 'as we know, lies in the brain. Every sensation now known to you, produced by ordinary or usual means, can be reproduced by more direct ones. For instance, the sensation of music comes from certain harmonious vibrations of the atmosphere. Listen to its scientific application.' Here one of the screens was moved aside and disclosed a golden machine made up of disks set at varying angles. They began to move with swiftness, and, by Jove! I assure you I now heard the grandest music ever played. A thousand church organs in chorus could not have been grander, while the effect was in keeping with the limits of our surroundings. As we sat entranced, the screen was moved forward and the music in a moment ceased.

"We were all so stunned with new sensations that we could hardly speak. Our conversation was made up of wondering ejaculations, and we sat eager and attendant like children, wild for the next novelty. I would wish you could have seen His Royal Highness and Leopold. They certainly were men who had seen and done everything. But they were even more like children than any of us in their enjoyment.

"At no time was any food served to us in the usual form. The courses seemed to follow the natural order of our tastes, working through delicious tarts to delicate patés. The wines that were constantly at our disposition cheered and stimulated without intoxicating. Under the gentle harmonious effects of this dinner every one was at his best. The prime minister, whose habit at dinners had been merely to say as little as possible, made nearly an oration in discussing the politics of Europe. Even our royalties were witty. The professional beauties became seraphic in their gentle sweetness. Unkindliness and discomfiture were banished. The sensation at the close of the dinner was one of exquisite repose and calm; without a suggestion of repletion there was a feeling of perfect satisfaction.

"In answer to the many questions and congratulations, Mortimer Mortimer said: 'What I have done is only an advance upon the experiments in synthetical chemistry now being made in Paris, to reproduce artificially the principal staple

foods. We have gone beyond the French in our laboratory in the Black Forest, because we take into consideration spiritual chemistry. You must remember that we in our study of human life have arrived at different conclusions from the French materialists. We make the spirit all-important. We believe the human body never tires or wastes so long as the spirit that controls it is happy and content. The spirit sustains the body. When the former wearies, the body succumbs. This dinner has been addressed to your spiritual natures as well as to your physical. The liquors are chemical preparations very subduing to material appetites, and consequently very sustaining to the spirit. When you load yourself down with heavy foods and drinks, the spirit is nauseated and the body becomes heavy and soon inert, while the spirit rushes away for rest. Many sudden deaths in this way result from the unwillingness of the spirit to return to unhappy surroundings.'

"'You make the spirit everything,' said the prime minister. 'Do you count the brain, the mind, as nothing?'

"'In comparison with the spirit, no. The brain is only the instrument. The better the instrument the better the spirit can act. Are you not conscious, my lord, that in times of dire emergency the power that has helped you through is from the spirit or, to speak in ordinary phrase, from the outside? Inspiration is only the voice of the spirit. If every one would listen properly inspiration would come to every one.'

"'I believe in God,' said the prime minister, 'and in His response to prayer.'

"'But in what way do you think the response comes?' asked Mortimer Mortimer; 'through the direct intervention of the heavenly judge?'

"'I may be wrong, but I so believe aid comes.'

"'Would it not appeal more to your sense of logic if you saw that God dwells within the breast of every man? The spirit is a part of God, and as such shows his power and his capacity to do. Release the material load from the confined spirit; give it a clean untrammelled body and a healthy brain, and you have a part of the power of the ruler of the universe under your hand. All of the

unexplainable flashes of power found in men of genius are the voices of the God that dwells within their breasts.'

"No; I do not think so,' said the prime minister. 'Your argument makes no appeal to my sense of what is true.'

"It was at this turn in the conversation that Mrs. Donald spoke to His Royal Highness of Mortimer Mortimer's plan of the reforming of rich people.

"If the changes he proposes are as agreeable as this improvement in dining, he can count upon my aid from the start.'

"It was the Honorable Mary, however, who asked the first question: 'What would you have rich people do?'

"I would have them cultivate originality. I would have them spend their money lavishly. They should give splendid entertainments, dress superbly, keep up as handsome establishments as their means will permit, and set an example to be emulated by the ambitious. Lavish money spending by society would be a greater benefit to the poor than three times the amount spent in mere charity. The rich do not spend their money freely enough. They are free and do not know it. It is only a rich man who really knows independence. Let him enjoy it as he should, and stimulate the growth of his spirit by encouraging everything beautiful, good and splendid.'

"Do I infer from what you said,' the King of Belgium asked, 'that the spirit that dwells within us is always the same?'

"The same in nature; yes. The spirit that dwells within one of your humblest peasants is the equal of your own.'

"Then the spirit that animates a saint in one instance is the same in character as the one that animates a criminal of the most cruel and degraded class?'

"Absolutely the same.'

"Can you prove this?'

"I can try.'

"Will you do so?'

"Perhaps the demonstration that I am going to give may not be regarded by you as proof. I yet assert the fact. When this fact is understood our criminals will be treated as diseased men, isolated as people are now who suffer from contagious disease. They will then become as interesting subjects for medical examination and cure as the patients in our present

hospitals. Now we disregard the contagion of criminal infection and intensify the worst features of our criminal classes by our treatment of them. Once a criminal always a criminal—that is the motto of society. Rich people, the leaders in society, will some day change all this.'

"The face of the gentle king, who had spent the greater part of his private fortune in warring upon the slave traders of Africa, flushed with a deep interest as he said, 'Pardon me for returning to the question of proof.'

"This proof can be shown in many ways; it is according to your education how strong this proof may seem to you. One demonstration I can give you now. This is a mere form of illustration. I can show to you your second selves, to use the phrase of ordinary speech, and you shall judge by what you see whether this demonstration sustains or does not sustain my theory.' Then he turned as he said, 'If Mrs. Donald will permit me, I will give an order.' He then signaled to one of the girls near him. The huge screens were shifted and brought nearer. A large mirror in front of a screen formed one side of the circle.

"There was a movement of pleasure upon the part of His Royal Highness at the sight of the mirror. 'I recall your hypnotic experiments with the mirror at one of your entertainments at the Duke of Devonshire's when you were here before,' said he.

"You will observe,' said Mortimer Mortimer, 'that I have progressed beyond hypnotism in what I now offer.'

"It was a curious experience, my dear, to suddenly see in the mirror our exact counterparts, but, if I may permit the expression, spiritually exaggerated. I am not good at exaggeration, but the sight made us all humble. Even the professional beauties hung their heads at the sight of soul perfection, in forms that were actually flawless.

"What you see there is possible for every one,' said Mortimer Mortimer. 'The bodies you see portrayed there are those which you will have when your souls are absolute masters.' As he spoke the vision faded.

"Of course we were awfully interested, but I must confess that what was shown did not seem to me like proof of anything



except a charming exhibition of skill upon the part of Mortimer Mortimer. How much of it was possible illusion, possible hypnotism, or fact, I cannot decide. The general impression left upon us, however, was a most charming one.

"I am writing this in the War Office, fully cognizant of my feeble powers as a writer to give you a really adequate picture of this dinner. Truly it was wonderful, whatever the means employed. Have rich people new possibilities? I at least am not rich enough to bother too much over that question."

\* \* \* \*

After many years of social triumph the climax of Mrs. Donald's career came in the establishment of the Imperial Society for the Encouragement and Development of New Ideas. This institution had for its president H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and a board of directors whose members were the leaders in the world of science, art and politics. It was through Mrs. Donald's diplomatic skill and social power that this society had been made possible. Its home was in a palace constructed along lines of architecture after the best Greek models.

It was a real temple, grandiose in wealth of adornment yet simple in its type of beauty. It was open night and day. It was called by many a temple of rest. In its great hallways silence, purity and peace dwelt. In the great inner chamber, its beautiful columns and graceful arches framed an abode of quiet and harmony. It was a spot where inspiration hovered, ever ready to flash intelligence to the minds weary with misunderstandings of a busy world.

The scene of the greatest triumph of Mrs. Donald came one day at an afternoon meeting in the inner temple, where the Queen of England, the Emperor of Germany, the Czar of Russia, and the many princes and princesses of their families came to honor themselves, by honoring by their presence the first meeting of the society in its new abode.

The formal presentations, the music, the decorations, and the great throng that filled the nave of the temple, I pass over, to the address of the prime minister, who, speaking in behalf of the society, used

the following language in praise of Mrs. Donald:

"She," said he, "has taught us all a new use for money. By her rare gifts she has succeeded in opening up new careers for rich people. By the aid of this society they will be enabled to rise from the paths of routine pursuits or ordinary enjoyment, and take at last their proper places in the world."

Here the prime minister said with great distinctness and emphasis: "The world has not yet reached the stage where it can recognize or appreciate what is new; that is something different from its preconceived ideas. The new idea is always rejected by the mass, and yet it is only through new ideas that there has ever been any progress in the march of civilization."

"Stranger still, the world that rejects and opposes that which alone can save it or make it tolerable, always assumes, in so doing, an attitude of superiority. The man who dares to lead in new paths is invariably regarded with either pity or contempt, never with esteem or respect."

"The inventor is the one man in the whole world who deserves to rank the highest in our estimation. Without him, we would still be savages, living in caves. The inventor is the true child of inspiration. It is he alone who hears the voice of promise of something better. He alone is the advance guard of the better civilization."

"It is the object of this great and all-powerful society to counteract, if possible, this prejudice of a conservative and slowly progressive world. Its members are sworn to seek out in the world and hunt for a new idea—one of value to the future of the world. Each member is put upon his personal honor to discover some one or something that shall contribute to the betterment of the world. Who so free to hunt and encourage as the rich man? Who shall say how many great discoveries have been lost or postponed to the world because the men who found them or were upon the eve of their finding, failed through lack of support."

"Here, this society has made a headquarters, whose influence shall extend through the world. Here, no one who has any idea that can be of any possible benefit to future generations, shall ever





Drawn by  
B. West Clinedinst.

I PICKED UP THE DISPATCH.

be turned away. Here, funds will be supplied for all proper experiments, and the journal of the society will give full accounts of progress made. Ideas that result in world-wide changes will be honored by the creation of statues in this great temple, where already you see bronzes in honor of Gutenberg, Stephenson, Morse, Edison, Plimsoll, and of other illustrious ones, whose ideas have changed entire systems throughout the world.

"It is useless to contend that this society can do no good in the encouragement of new ideas; that inventors will continue to invent to the end of time, and that hardships are only stimulants to increased action. You might as well say that a painter will paint better pictures without proper materials for his work and with no orders for his encouragement. No; where one is the true recipient of inspiration, it will be the object of this society to so surround him with shields so that no material trouble can reach him. The true pioneers of discovery are always few in number. It will be the duty and pleasure of this society to separate the true and the false, and to establish, by the test of time, the right of those to occupy places in the temple. Statues will be built only for those whose influence has become world-wide."

This discourse, which gave in great detail the work of the society, concluded with: "What rich man could hope for greater honor than to have his name linked with that of Watts or Stephenson; to have the courage to stand by the side of a Galileo, or to have the appreciation that could have enabled him to follow in imagination to its future destiny the glorious preliminary work of a Pasteur. It is for the man-hunt of unknown and undeveloped genius that this society is formed, and to which lofty and untiring resolution it will, in my opinion, steadfastly adhere throughout future ages."

\* \* \* \*

Report of Hiram Barnard, dictated to his private secretary at Brown's Hotel, Dover street, addressed to John Lord, Professor of Common Sense, New York:

"Of all the experiments conducted by us, I think that I have been most interested, up to the present time, in the one

conducted through Mrs. Helen Donald. She appears to have created for herself new lines of thought and of interest. She has given me, too, an interest in life, not through her character or her individuality, but by the ideas which have been suggested by her. I have become affiliated with her society, and I am to-day about to start out on a tour of the capitals of the world to see if I can find some genius of the new, some man struggling for means to fashion and develop projects necessary for the progress of the world; but before going, I wish to give you certain details as to the result in Mrs. Donald's case, which I cabled you the other day. I was about to write 'sad' result, but with my personal knowledge I do not know that I should be justified in using that adjective." She, I fear, neglected the personal equation, as have many of our friends who are at present experimenting with what we have offered them. Mrs. Donald, through her long life abroad, and absorption in interest there, became actually separated from her husband, although there was no open scandal. The fate of her daughter, the Princess Krapotkine, you know.

"It was some ten days ago that I had my last interview with Mrs. Donald. Since the establishment of the institute Mrs. Donald had every honor offered her by the queen, who, as you know, has been for a long time in earnest sympathy with Mrs. Donald's plans and projects.

"Upon the occasion of my last visit, I found her alone. She was in somber mood, although she is not given to deep depressions. We talked of her ambition and the change of its course through the influence of Mortimer Mortimer, who I am to see soon in his Hartz Mountains castle. I was deeply struck by the sadness of Mrs. Donald, who said: 'I am convinced that all the success I have had can do nothing to fill the loneliness that now invades my heart. I had forgotten this personal equation of the affections. My daughter completely escaped me. She lived so long away from me, in various schools, that we met at last as strangers. Her ambition was even greater than mine, and she, as I did, overlooked the possibility of love. To-day my life is staked upon this quantity. I feel that I never did possess the heart of my husband, and

that I never sought to possess it. To-day my life is centered in my second son. The subdued feeling of early life has found a vent in him. I love him with the very agony of passion. All my life turns upon him. He is a good boy, and I think has for me a genuine affection. You know the many honors the queen has proffered me and how I have always declined them. Well, to please my son, I have at last consented. The prime minister is coming here within the next quarter of an hour to formally announce to me the queen's intent to give me the title of baroness, and to indicate the hour when her majesty will receive me to confer this title. I had hoped to have my son with me upon this day, but his yacht, which left Ostend yesterday, has not yet arrived.'

"At this there was a sound of slowly advancing footsteps over the floor. I looked up and saw the aged butler with a telegram. As I looked at the brown envelope upon the silver salver, my heart stood still. Why, I cannot tell. I shall never forget Mrs. Donald's face as she read the message, torn hastily from its envelope.

"She turned ghastly pale, gasped for breath, stared straight ahead of her for a moment and gave a shriek of agony, so animal-like in its quivering cry of pain

as to make me shudder with horror. Then she fell, unconscious. I picked up the dispatch as the butler lifted her to the sofa. It announced the sinking of her son's yacht through collision in the Channel, with the loss of all hands.

"The doctor of the neighborhood, her family physician, one of the great physicians of London, was with her in five minutes, but she scarcely rallied. Once or twice she tried to speak. Once she half-whispered, 'I have staked all and lost.'

"A look of curious pain now came over her face. While she clutched at her heart she seemed to be listening to something she could not understand, as if she were listening for the first time to a new language. This puzzled look of inquiry was still on her face when she died. Within twenty minutes of the time that I had first spoken to her she was dead upon the couch before me. As the physician in attendance stood grave and solemn by her side and said, 'She is dead,' there was a sound of carriage wheels at the door, and a moment later the same butler that brought in the fatal dispatch came into the death chamber and announced, in a respectful whisper, 'The prime minister.'"

(To be continued.)

## LOSS OF TIME.

BY DALLETT FUGUET.

[The old Italian clocks have but one hand, an hour hand.]

WE can not walk, we rush; and not content  
 With hours, we split the minutes, here, to-day;  
 While far across the seas—too far away!—  
 The people laugh and love as nature meant.  
 There the old clocks, that past to present lent  
 To look the future in the face, still stay  
 To point with one lone hand the hours, and say,  
 "Speed slowly, lest thy time be but ill-spent!"

When man was younger and the old clocks new,  
 Did these not say, "Know; gather all thy powers,  
 And be not hasty, lest thou be untrue?"  
 Did money-makers hoard those seconds, too?  
 Who cares?—The grand Old Masters made the towers  
 And clocks to mark but full immortal hours.

## THE GOLD FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY GEORGE F. BECKER, UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

Great interest is felt at the present time in the wonderful South African gold fields, but the reports which have reached the United States have mostly been of a non-scientific character. Professor Becker of the United States Geological Survey, known to the scientific world as one of the most distinguished geologists of the two continents, has just completed a careful investigation of this region, and embodies in the accompanying paper the results of his examination.—EDITOR.

THE earth is old. It counts millions of years by the score. When it was perhaps half as old as it is to-day, even before horse-tails grew as large as pear trees, and club mosses had woody stems (now turned to coal) approaching a hundred feet in height; in the lusty youth of the earth, then, events were in progress in South Africa which have been of vital importance to many generations of men. The occurrences of that period may have influenced Solomon's career, and, however that may be, they must necessarily affect the course of politics in the United States during the next administration.

At the time in question hot, sulphurous mineral waters were oozing toward the earth's surface through thousands of cracks. As any particular drop of this water approached the air, the pressure of surrounding drops upon it decreased, and its temperature fell. It then deposited a load, which it could no longer carry, of quartz, pyrite and gold. In this way the fissures gradually filled with veins of gold-bearing quartz, and this process went on at numerous localities, distributed over hundreds of thousands of square miles in Mashonaland and Matabeleland and the South African Republic. There are now more than thirty mining districts, or gold fields, between the Zambesi and the Vaal rivers opened upon these veins. These veins are for the most part associated with slates and granite, and in general mode of occurrence are said to resemble those of the gold belt of California. The Matabele outbreak prevented me from seeing them.

The gold fields of Mashonaland have been extensively worked by ancient miners. In hundreds of places large trenches were excavated long ago, and the oxidized facile ore extracted down to the permanent water-level. Lower the ancients could not get, because they could neither handle the water nor treat the unoxidized sulphurets which are found

beyond the reach of air. Who these miners were is not certain. That they may have been Phœnician or Sabæan, and that the region may be Ophir, has often been suggested, and may be true; but no decipherable inscriptions or other unquestionable evidences have been found. These ancients, however, have left behind them fetishes which show that their religion was at least closely allied to the worship of Baal. To my mind, it is more significant that they left behind them an ingot mold of a peculiar form, something like an H, closely resembling the shape of tin ingots which, there is reason to believe, the Phœnicians left in England. The Portuguese explorers of the seventeenth century knew the auriferous character of the country and were acquainted with the now famous cyclopean ruin of Zimbabwe. Doubtless some of the mining work is due to the Portuguese, and the native Kafirs probably sought gold to a small extent.

In spite of the guidance afforded by the old workings, and although gold production farther south has been increasing with surprising rapidity, the product of Matabeleland and Mashonaland is still insignificant. Some there are who assert that the ancients got all the gold, and that the deposits do not extend beyond the old workings; but information gathered in Johannesburg from skilful judges leads me to believe that prospecting on these properties has often been injudicious or inadequate. In gold-quartz veins the ore is not uniformly disseminated, but lies in "chutes," pipes or chimneys within the vein, and prospectors unfamiliar with this fact are apt to be discouraged without sufficient cause. Prospecting has also suffered under the mining regulations of the British South Africa Company, better known as The Chartered Company. These rules, though intended to foster development, do not conduce to that end. That veins, the



ROBINSON MINE.

croppings of which must clearly have yielded vast sums of gold, should cease to carry considerable quantities of the standard of value at water-level, is a geological absurdity; and I feel confident that after a time this region will yield largely. In the Transvaal the gold-quartz veins (or vein-like deposits) have already produced much gold. The Sheba mine alone has turned out about five million dollars, and there are several other valuable and productive properties opened on veins. The gold in all the fields entered on the map, excepting Johannesburg, Potchefstroom and Klerksdorp, is vein gold.

If the auriferous veins which have been mentioned were the only gold deposits of South Africa, the world would not be excited on the subject. There is another class of deposits in the Transvaal, of which the ancients appear to have been ignorant, and which is now yielding the precious metal on a scale which is astounding. These deposits are the gold-bearing pudding-stones or conglomerates of Johannesburg and neighboring districts. The Boers compare the rock to almond cake instead of pudding, and their name, "banket," has now become current English. These are not the only auriferous conglomerates known in the world. At least four occurrences have been found in North America alone, but the African banket is the only one yet

discovered which is of extraordinary value.

Conglomerates mark shore lines or river beds. The pebbles which characterize them are coarse, rounded rock fragments, from which mud and sand have been removed by the rapid currents. At some time before the coal era, and after the veins were formed in the region north of Johannesburg, the southerly coast of Africa passed through the site of that town. At that point it trended east and west, but how far it reached before turning northward no one knows. There may have been islands off this coast. At any rate, powerful currents swept along the shore, and these currents flowed from east to west. It was these currents which swept away the fine material and made the formation of conglomerate possible. The reader may perhaps wonder that the direction of these currents is stated in so unqualified a manner, but that is easily explained. The great oceanic currents are caused by the prevailing winds. These, in and near the tropics, blow from the eastward, and this direction is determined by that in which the earth rotates. When the south shore of Africa passed through the area of the Transvaal, the earth rotated faster than it does now, and the trade winds and currents must have been even stronger than at present. To this day the currents flow along the

African coast, following it to the westward.

This ancient southern shore line of the continent has not been followed out with any approach to completeness. The conglomerates marking it are supposed to have been recognized at a number of points, however, and it is suspected to exist even in Madagascar. It is said that wherever banket similar to that of Johannesburg has been found it carries more or less gold, not of course always enough to pay for extraction, but sufficient to arouse hopes.

How the conglomerate became charged with gold is a question upon which there is no general agreement. It was suggested, however, soon after their discovery, that the conglomerate might have been formed from the detritus of a gold-bearing country, and that when the finely divided sandy material was swept away, the gold might have been left behind with the heavier pebbles. Such a concentration has analogues in artificial ore-dressing as well as in the accumulation of gold-bearing river gravel, and of gold-bearing sands on the beaches of the Pacific coast. This theory is the simplest which has been proposed. This is no place to enter into the pros and cons of the various explanations offered, and I can only say that, after a careful study of the mines, the theory just sketched seems to me correct. It appears adequately to explain the features of the deposit, and the objections which have been made to it are answerable.

The true theory of the Transvaal banket is a matter of great importance, not merely to the students, but to mining men. The degree of assurance with which expensive shafts are sunk upon the deeper portions of the deposits must depend upon the theory

of deposition. Theory also must guide exploration for extensions of the deposits.

The principal gold-bearing conglomerate has been traced with certainty, so far as the public knows, only some fifteen miles from Johannesburg, to the east and to the west. Similar conglomerates are known and mined to the southwest of Johannesburg, near Klerksdorp and Potchefstroom, and again to the southeast in the Heidelberg district. The rest of the region is covered, as with a blanket, by rocks far younger than the conglomerates of greatest value, known as the Main Reef series. Search for the Main Reef under the more recent rocks is very expensive, and the penalties for unsound reasoning as to the position of the banket will be exceedingly heavy fines.

Johannesburg lies close to the crest of the Witwatersrand, which is, being translated, the white-water range. As a range it is insignificant, but it forms the watershed between the waters of the Atlantic and those of the Indian Ocean. The range itself consists of the upturned edges of the metamorphosed shales, quartzites and conglomerates of which the banket beds are single strata. To the northward the

range has an escarpment often a few hundred feet in height. The view of Kruger's fall shows this escarpment. The fall lies about fifteen miles westward of Johannesburg, and it is one of the few picturesque spots near the town. The southerly slope of the Rand is very gentle, and it will be observed that the view of the Robinson mine represents the country as almost a plain. The view is taken looking westward, and shows the incline headgear of the Robinson, with the headgears of other mines in the distance. As one drives along this almost featureless belt



• KRUGER'S FALLS.





MARKET PLACE IN JOHANNESBURG.

of country, parallel to the Rand, the succession of mines seems interminable, and they are so much alike that there is difficulty in recognizing one's position.

Though statistics are usually uninteresting to most readers, those of the Transvaal gold product are so remarkable, and so important in their bearing on the problem of the currency of the world, that I think a few figures will be welcome. Gold was discovered at Johannesburg in 1885, but production commenced only nine years ago. In 1890, the Witwatersrand district, or the region within twenty miles of Johannesburg, produced eight million dollars, and in the five subsequent years the products were, respectively, twelve, twenty, twenty-five, thirty-four and thirty-eight million dollars. The increase last year was abnormally low, on account of labor troubles and the revolt of the foreigners. The early part of the present year was also injuriously affected by the same causes. The figures just given do not include the products of the numerous other gold fields of the Transvaal shown on the map. These produce in the aggregate, on the average, about one-tenth

as much as the Witwatersrand, and thus are developing with equal rapidity, on the whole.

The future production of the Transvaal is even more important than the present output. The Main Reef series outcrops at a considerable angle—fifty degrees or more; but when followed downward the banket is found to flatten to somewhat over twenty degrees. Most of the product now comes from within one thousand feet of the surface, but the mines will go down to five thousand feet. There is nothing at present to indicate that the ore gives out or becomes too poor to work. A large number of shafts are being pushed down to the deeper portions of the ground as fast as possible; some of them are progressing at over a hundred feet per month. In a very few years considerably more than double the present amount of ore will be crushed. The Rand alone will yield annually, from an area of about a hundred square miles, as much as a hundred million dollars' worth of gold, and such a product can, so far as it is possible to foresee, be maintained for a generation. That within a few years valuable exten-

sions of the Main Reef series will be found is almost certain, but no one can guess at their product.

The earliest estimate of the gold resources of California with which I have met was made more than one hundred and seventy years ago. In his "Magnalia Dei," printed in 1727, on page 367, Bruckmann enumerates, among gold-bearing localities:

"California, eine Insul unweit dem Lande von Jesso, auf welcher, wie man Anno 1724. Mens. Febr. von Paris schrieb, 'eine Bergwercks Entdeckung geschehen,' seyn soll allwo das Gold in solchen

Überflusse, als ehemahls in Ophir vorhanden."

In those days California was still supposed to be an island, and the breadth of the Pacific was not appreciated. The translation is, "California, an island not far from the land of Yesso, upon which, as was reported from Paris in the month of February, 1724, a new mine discovery is said to have been made, at a place where gold is present in such superabundance as was formerly the case in Ophir.

If southeastern Africa is Ophir, it seems to me that the store of gold in California is overrated in this passage.



### LOVE'S LIMITATION.

BY MABEL BOYD.

Last night an angel came to my dwelling place, bringing with him, into the coldness and loneliness, light, warmth and peace. I showed him my bare larder, my cheerless room, my empty purse, my shabby raiment, my plain face, my bent form, and my dull and witless brain; but he smiled a radiant smile as if all this mattered not, and still stayed with me. So I opened to him my heart, where Self, and Self alone, found room to dwell. His smile faded and his face grew sad, but there was hope in his look and still he stayed. But Honesty, my one virtue, whispered I had not shown him all. Then I laid bare my soul and bade him look upon its only tenant, the demon of Ambition. Hope left the eyes of my angel and, with his white wings drooping, he went out into the night.

I awoke with a bitter cry, for it was Love himself whom I had driven from me—Love, beautiful and eternal, who fears neither cold, want, hunger, uncomeliness of face or form, nor lack of wit, who can even drive Self from her throne in the human heart; but who turns away powerless from a soul dominated by a desire for a name among men and by greed of gold.

## THE ARTIST AND HIS MODEL.

BY PERCIVAL POLLARD.

"BEFORE all else," said Miss Hasleford, giving her visitor a cup of tea, "I must tell you that I have found you out."

"Ah," responded the young man, laughingly, "but isn't that a trifle vague? There are so many things, you know, a man might be guilty of! Won't you specify?"

She looked at him wonderingly. There was such utter perfection in his pose of innocence; it was really better than the genuine article as she had seen it in others. The grave face, with the faint smile lighting the shadows that age or strain of work was beginning to paint; the streaks of gray across the hair;—long afterward she remembered him as he looked then.

"I am speaking of you as a writer." She stopped, as if she had uncurtained the whole secret.

"Which is kind of you. It is the getting talked about that sells a man's books; there is no doubt about that. One fluent woman is worth ten newspaper notices to any book, take my word for it. But I don't see in what you have found me out."

"You mean you won't see. \* \* \* Will you have another cup of tea?"

"Thank you; no. Before your mystery even my thirst fades."

"You are an admirable actor. I am certain that you have known from the very first what I was going to say. It is the sophist in you that spurs for a needless delay. Briefly, I have discovered, beyond a doubt, the reason for the admitted correctness of your written delineations of my sex."

"It is delightful to hear you say that my efforts at describing the indescribable approach success. For your sex is an eternal mystery, and you are at present one of its most mysterious members. The reason?"

"How you pose! How your vanity aches for the exact word! It is a very simple method you employ; though I will admit a more stupid man might spoil even

so good a method. It is this: you use models. Of late, you have been using me. In one of your recent stories I have found myself most unmistakably pictured—an unflattering portrait, to be sure, but sure also of instant recognition. Do you deny it?"

"Not for a moment. I am happy to have proven myself so good a reporter. They say, you know, that the great American novelist is to spring from the ranks of the reporters. One makes mosaics; a great many people go to make up the mosaic. One has to use one's experience to draw from the model. My imagination's not enough for the strain. You see I'm unfortunate; I'm driven to methods others, perhaps, have no need for. Do you—" he paused a moment to consider a picture of Deger's that hung on the wall before him, "do you find me guilty of an unpardonable crime?"

"By no means. Were I not already certain of your vanity I would at once tell you that my opinion of your cleverness had gone up. You have used me for a work of art that—who knows? fame is so capricious!—may live well on for immortality. But the audacity of the thing amuses me. Will you tell me how you could so blandly come here day after day, the while you were transcribing my small ways and means for the public? Did you think I would never read your books?"

"Dear lady, you and I talked of books so often that I was quite sure you had never read mine. And I venture to say you never would have looked at a page of mine, if some one else had not goaded you thereto. Some dear friend told you that you were being misused on paper. Is it not so?"

She laughed gently, and nodded.

"I thought so. It is always one's friends who scramble for the privilege of annoying us. It was a girl, or course?"

Miss Hasleford picked up a paper-cutter that lay on the table beside her and began pushing it nervously along the arm of her chair. "It seems," she said, in a hard

voice, "that it is an old habit of yours, this of using what you call a model. The town is full of them. It is like a rogues' gallery. And you never omit going through the ceremony of becoming engaged to each one. It gives opportunity for study of more intimate characteristics, I suppose. Bah, it is somewhat sickening! Has the end always been because you have been found out, or were you too clever for that? Did you let some other pretext arise? I'm really quite curious. Apart from my interest in the matter, I can look at it in the abstract, consider it from the outside."

"That's what I always liked about you," he replied, with a coolness that in most men would have seemed insolence; "you were so unfemininely logical. If you care to know—I am sure I have never wanted to conceal it from you—I have been engaged to a good many girls. Each had some trait that I wished to observe. To-day I really think I have an intimate knowledge of your delightful sex—as intimate, at least, as an outsider can ever hope to attain. Most of it, however, I owe to you. You are far more intricate than the others. You have found me out. I am sorry that it comes to an end."

Something wistful came into her face. She looked at his sharp profile, the lines in his face, so deep for so young a man; she looked away and a tinge of rose went over her cheeks. "Must it come to an end?" she asked softly.

"Most surely," he answered, quickly and decidedly. "To be frank with you, I am certain you would be intensely unhappy as my wife. My art will always mean so much to me, remember, and I would have to continue my observations,—from models,—which is an aggravation I would not subject you to. It would be out of reason to presume that you, if you cared for me, would placidly have me enjoy such intimacy with others as my art demands."

"I can understand it very well," she said.

"Nevertheless, I shall not put you to the test. It would be too unfair."

"Ah!" she said bitterly, "it is not that. Oh! I see plainly enough; you no longer care for me. Bah! I do not believe you ever can care for any one. You

will go on, I suppose, studying the sex, until your pen drops and your eyes fail. And all the time there will be nothing but a wake of those who hate you. Never an honest love! Never even an understanding! Do you think there are many who will understand even so much as I?"

"Dear lady, you are cruel; and you force me to be cruel. Here is the truth: I know you, all that is you; further, deeper intimacy would only blur the impression. Perspective is as necessary in writing as in drawing. It is over; my notes are taken. I am all that is cold-blooded. Despise me if you will, but, if I could love, it would be you. Do you think it looks sweet to me, the future that holds an endless row of lay figures?"

She flushed furiously, then laid her hand on his arm. "Give it up," she whispered. "Am I not worth it?"

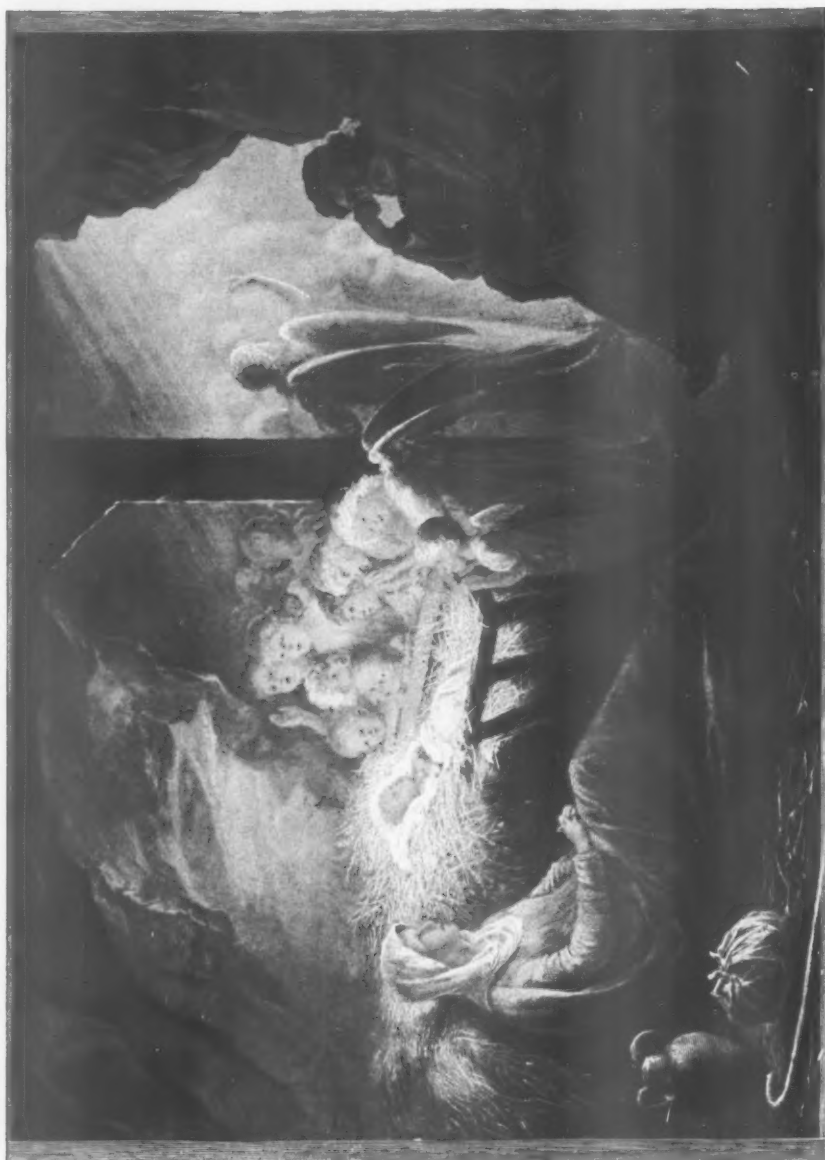
"Yes; and more," he said, taking her hand and bearing it gently to his lips; but I am not worth the half of it. No: I must go on, building my houses of cards, with never a lease on happiness for myself. It is my nature, my self. I have it in me to drive any woman mad in a month. Life with me would be torture; I feel it. Even if my curiosity were unslaked before marriage, when that time did come there would be no bonds for me; there would be unthinkable misery. \* \* \* It is growing dark. No; don't have them bring the lamps. I like the dusk, the half-light. I shall be going presently, and we will think that it is only for to-day, and that to-morrow I will be here as usual. We will play that the farce is still on, because good-byes are unpleasant. \* \* \* But I shall never again see you sitting there, silhouetted against the shadows, your dear eyes shining as in a mist. And your voice—dear God!—your voice is to be only an echo in the memory—your voice, that nothing in music can equal for sweetness. \* \* \* And the touch of your hands!" He got up and, stooping over her, kissed her hair lightly. "And the perfume of your hair!" He passed to the door. "Adieu," he said.

There was the muffled sound of a door shutting. She sat quite still in the darkening room, her lips twitching.



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# PERFECT.

BY ANITA VIVANTI CHARTRES.

"Amor che a cor gentil ratto s'apprende."—DANTE.

HE was a fair, slow, sentimental German, with tender eyes and an economical soul.

He had come to Milan to study singing and was dropping his unwilling "thalers" into Leoni's, Lamperti's and Domenicetti's capacious professorial pockets.

In return he got Lamperti's "do di petto," Domenicetti's "sol di testa," and Leoni's adorable manner of singing with half-closed eyes and tremulous nostrils.

The blue cruelty of an Italian summer lay heavily across the land, and Milan with its heated streets and yellow Naviglio had become unbearable. Even the nude Napoleon in Palazzo Brera looked too limp and tired to hold the bronze world in his hand much longer; and the poor "Madonnina" on the top of the Duomo bent her meek head brokenly under the burning gold of her crown. So

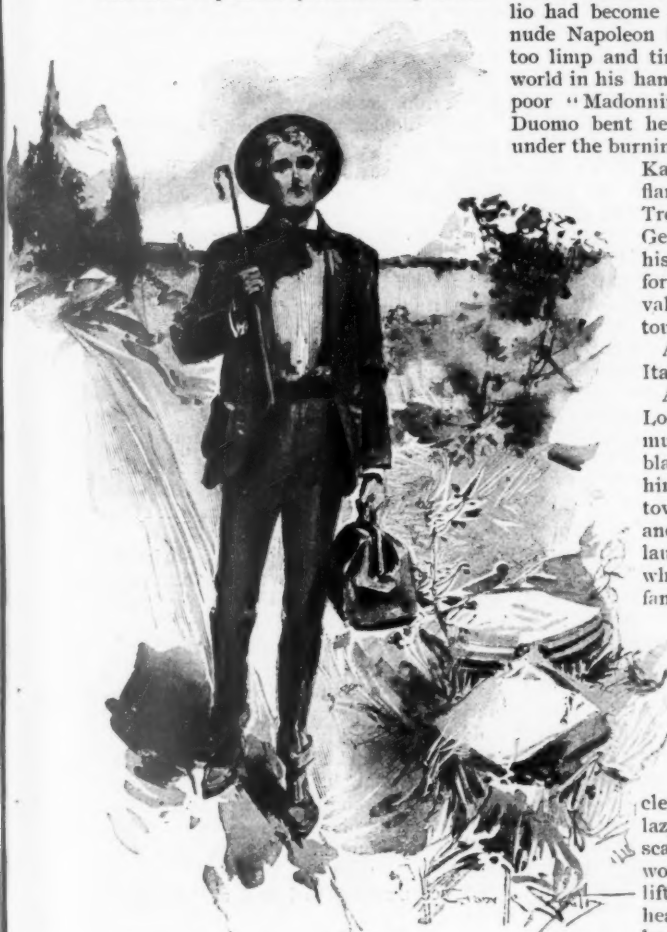
Karl Helmut packed two flannel shirts, his Lucia, his Trovatore and a bottle of German hair-wash which his mother and sisters made for him, into a little yellow valise and started out to tour through Italy on foot.

All Germans tour through Italy on foot.

Across the dull plains of Lombardy, where the naked mulberry trees stretched black, jeering fingers after him; under the hundred towers of learned Bologna, and away through the laughing fields of Tuscany, where the vines, drawn in fanciful festoons from tree to tree, joining green arms, danced past him—he went, with his dreams and his yellow valise.

"Ma d'ogni re maggior, Maggior il trovatore," he sang in his clear German voice to the lazy sun-quivering landscape, and the dark-faced women working in the fields lifted their red-kerchiefed heads and nodded to him as he passed.

It was in Florence that he met Francesca Verdon. He was wandering through the



Drawn by  
W. Granville-Smith.

"ACROSS THE DULL PLAINS OF LOMBARDY."

Galleria Pitti, staring at Frate Angelico's rigid angels and Tiziano's red-lidded Madonnas, when he stopped before a Sacra Famiglia of Botticelli. It was not the mild-eyed Mother of God, or the good-naturedly superfluous St. Joseph, that arrested his gaze; nor was it the woolly lamb, standing stiffly at young St. John's side, one small fat hand of the child-shepherd resting lightly on its neck. Not even the boy Jesus, with rippling yellow hair and outstretched arms, could win the light-blue favor of Karl Helmuth's eyes.

A few steps beyond him, staring up at Guido Reni's Christ, stood a young woman with dark hair and a clear, strong face. She looked like one of Murillo's gipsy-eyed Madonnas, powerful and serene. Karl stood gazing at her: she was the only living thing in the room, and was almost beautiful. She felt his eyes on her and turned.

What caused her to smile into his face she never knew. Nor he. But this happened: with the dark misery of Reni's *Ecce Homo* still in her retina, she turned and saw him. He stood before her in his fair Teutonic strength, young and blond-headed as the archangel Michael. So with half-wondering eyes she gazed into his face and smiled.

## II.

"I love the most improbable people," said Francesca, leaning back in her arm-chair. "My husband, for instance. And our cook—she's Irish and loud-voiced and rude, but I love her. And all the ragged fruit-sellers and organ-grinders and boot-blacks of the street-corners in New York—not because they are my countrymen, but because I like them. I like their black faces and homesick eyes and fiendish dispositions. And we have a dog in New York—we keep him in the yard—he is hideous and not well. You know the kind of dog, with a big head and rusty hair that one is ashamed to go out with. I love him so much that it aches me to think of him."

Karl smiled.

"He is one of those dogs that always come and lean up against you, heavily and obstinately. You push them away, and you dig at them with your parasol;

you slap them, and knock them—and they don't seem to care and they won't move. His name is Ribs, because of his bones showing so.

There was a pause. Karl broke it sulkily. "Has he written again?" he asked, with downcast eyes.

"Who? Ribs?"

"Ach, bitte!" said Karl impatiently; "you know what I mean."

"If you mean my husband," Francesca answered severely, "yes; he has." She drew a letter from a book on the table beside her and opened it with tender hands. "Look," she said, passing one sheet across to Karl; "here is a post-script from the little one."

Karl glanced at the wild uncertain scrawl covering half the page, and read: "Nina's love to mamma." He handed the paper back, feeling sore and out in the cold.

"I sail to-day fortnight," she said. "My lord and master is dreadfully grumpy at being left all alone. See, he writes: 'New York is unbearable without my ray of Italian sunshine. Leave your Renis and Tintoretos and Titians. They can get on without you; I cannot.' The dear man has no conception of art," she added blandly, folding up the letter.

"And yet you love him," said Karl, aggrievedly, as if it were a personal insult to himself.

Francesca raised her free, straight eyes to his and did not answer.

"And you are glad to go back—to leave Tintoretto and Titian and your own sky and your own people—for a barbaric country and an unartistic husband!"

"You are foolish," said Francesca. "And you are almost impertinent."

"Ti adoro!" said Karl in his best operatic Italian, going down stiffly and suddenly on both his knees.

Francesca looked astonished. Then she began to laugh. Her laughter rilled and rippled through the quiet room like a flight of wild pigeons.

Karl, very much offended, got up again.

"I see nothing to laugh at," he said angrily.

"Look!" said Francesca, pointing a ringed forefinger at the large mirror to her left.

Karl shrugged his shoulders. "If I

am ridiculous, I suppose I had better go." And he strode across the room after his hat in his fourth-act-Fernando manner. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," Francesca answered cheerfully. So Karl sat down again.

He bowed his blond head in his hands, and his long German locks fell over his fingers.

"I wish I were dead," he said.

"How conventional! You have no more originality than Mascagni," sighed Francesca, looking at him through half-closed lids.

The room was dim and cool. The green shutters, in-drawn, defied the relentless noon-day sun, but its shimmering reflection on the slow-flowing water of the Arno beneath filtered upward through the lattices and danced in mad, white specks on the ceiling.

Karl lifted his obstinate head. "I love you! I love you! I love you!" he said, and opened his arms in lonely gesture towards her.

"Poverino!" she said kindly; but the careless smiles went dimpling over her face in gay indifference. "You had far better not. There is no room for you in my life."

"I know it," cried Karl bitterly. "You speak of nothing but your happiness, your husband, your child, your art, your home—the completeness of your life, the content of your soul. You do it on purpose to wound me."

"Oh, no," said Francesca, softly. "'Dess das Herz voll ist!'"

"You are cruel."

"Perhaps I am. That is why you love me," she said.

Karl lifted his hand sullenly.

"How conventional," he said, imitating her. "You have no more originality than Miss Braddon."

"Oh, no! I do not mean that I am cruel in the fantastic penny-novelle style," laughed Francesca. "I am only happy, and that is in itself unkind. But that is why you love me," she repeated contentedly, folding her satisfied hands in her lap.

"I love you," said Karl, bending forward earnestly, "because you are uncannily clever and improbably good. Because you paint, strongly and gladly, as Raphael would have painted if he had

never met La Fornarina; because you sing like an Italian seraph who had studied under a German archangel; because you ride a horse with the wild grace of a Walkyrie; because you quote Lenau with an adorable Italian accent, and accompany 'Ich grolle nicht' with the Weltschmerz of genius; because your hair is brown and drawn back from your forehead."

"You love me because I dress well, and have a good appetite and an even temper. You love me because I have a husband who adores me and a child that satisfies me and a home that protects me; because I do not require you or care about you or want you. You love me because I am happy," said Francesca.

"I love you because you are perfect," said Karl gravely.

"Dio buono! Open the shutters and let in the wholesome, staring sun," laughed Francesca. And as he obeyed, and the rush of golden heat flooded the room, she stretched her white arms lazily towards it.

"O dolce sole italico! I wish I were a lizard and could fulfill my destiny by lying in the sun and shedding happy skins. Let us go out of town and stare at the sky."

"Do you mean it?" asked Karl in incredulous delight.

"Of course," said Francesca. "What hat shall I wear?"

"But—am I to come too?"

"Of course, of course," she said impatiently. "The white one with the roses, or the flappy, straw affair?"

"Yes, do," said Karl irrelevantly. "Where shall we go?"

Francesca's face clouded. "What a pity to have to decide on any particular place," she said. "I hate the deliberateness of a railway ticket. It spoils the phrases one makes to oneself about going out gladly and aimlessly 'ins Blaue hinein!' You Germans are the only poets! 'Ins Blaue hinein!' That is where I want to go. Out into the blue."

"Would Fiesole do?" suggested Karl.

"No, no; with its clean, cardboardy houses and tidy trees! Not Fiesole."

"Let us drive up to the Certosa and talk to the monks."

"We are too young and happy," said Francesca. "It makes them tired of the

saints. When we leave and they watch us going down the hill, laughing, I with my white parasol—they wonder if, after all——”

“Yes; if, after all!— You are right; and kind,” said Karl.

Francesca's eyes wandered round the room. There on the diminutive book-case lay the “Guida di Firenze e dintorni,” Baedeker's “Italy,” an English New Testament, and Dante's “Divina Commedia”—all bound in red, with the stamp of the Hotel Lungarno aggressively on their backs. She pointed to one of the books and Karl brought her Baedeker. She shook her head.

“The ‘Guida di Firenze?’”

“No, no! ‘L'Inferno,’” she said.

Karl brought her the little fat book with Allighieri's long-nosed profile raised in black on the crimson cover; and she opened it, smiling tenderly to herself.

“The land on that fair coast where Po descends  
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams”——

she quoted softly.

“I know, I know,” interrupted Karl.  
“You mean Rimini.”

Francesca lifted her eyes and nodded, smiling.

“One day for our delight we read together  
Of Lancelot and the thralldom of his love”——

she continued, with a touch of homesickness in her slow voice.

“Let me bring it with us,” said Karl, taking the volume from her hand. “You shall read me that very canto on the shores of Rimini, where Paolo and your namesake loved and died. Go and put on your hat—the white one with the roses—

“And in its leaves we read no more that day.”

### III.

They went to Rimini. Francesca fell in love with the sleepy sea, and took apartments in the Hotel Grande Bretagne, with gardens touching the water. Karl went economically to the Leon d'Oro, in the heart of the white, hot town, and called for Francesca every morning to go out for a row across the placid sea.

From her balcony she could see him, swinging down the narrow, sunny street,

tall and handsome, with his straw hat at the back of his head and his face sunburnt and heated.

“San Giogio!” she would say under her breath, or, remembering his voice, “Asrael!” And she felt friendly toward him for being so good to look at.

But he loved her with an angry, aching love, that interfered with his high A and made him lose his appetite.

“To-day week,” said Francesca, one blue Saturday morning, “the Kaiser Wilhelm will be panting out of Genova's crowded port and carrying me home.”

“Home!” exclaimed Karl reproachfully. “Are you not Italian? Have not your people lived and died here? This is your home.”

Francesca shook her head. “This is my country!” she said, with softening voice and troubled eyes. “God knows how deeply Italian I am!—how I leave a little piece of my soul in every corner of the land and to every lazzarone on the wayside. God knows how Italy's sky with blue fingers opens my heart; how her beauty gladdens me; how her heart enraptures me; how her poverty hurts me. I feel like a wild gypsy girl here, I should like to go about with a red handkerchief tied around my head and live on polenta and serenades! But this is not my home. Home is a well-appointed, orderly house in a brisk, business-like city, hopelessly comfortable, relentlessly correct. Home is a commonplace, well-conducted household, full of good furniture and superior servants. Home is a very dreadful place. But my kind-voiced husband and my little daughter live there and are waiting for me; and Ribs will bark for joy in his sickly manner when I come back. That is home.”

Karl looked at her with warm eyes. She was perfection, perfection! If she had been less perfect, if her life had been less complete, he would have loved her less. If she had sneered at her husband and not spoken of her child, however great an artist and beautiful a woman, he would not have loved her at all. It was the glory of her complete goodness, of her full happiness, that brought his placid German heart in worship to her feet.

He tortured himself with the vision of her glad home-life. In self-imposed martyrdom he liked to picture her with her



*Drawn by W. Granville-Smith.*

"HE WAS WANDERING THROUGH THE GALLERIA PITTI."

child's head against her breast and her husband's arms around her.

"I would not wish it otherwise," he said, his eyes reddening and filling with quick tears. "But how shall I learn to do without you?"

"By divine forgetfulness," said Francesca.

"I feel as if I had been near you, watching your silence and wondering at your smile, all my life long. And now you push me away, as you do Ribs, and tell me to forget you. But I refuse to be pushed away——"

"Like Ribs," laughed Francesca. "Good dog!"

And he laughed too, because they were both not much over twenty, and because the Kaiser Wilhelm was not to sail for a week.

The days shone out their brief lives and swung round to the eve of parting.

Karl came up in the afternoon, carrying a huge bunch of carnations and amorini in his hand. When he entered the little sitting-room, Francesca was carrying an armful of books into the adjoining room. As she turned round and smiled at him, a volume from the top slid down. It was Dante.

"What are you doing?" said Karl.

"Packing," answered Francesca cheerfully, and vanished into her bedroom.

"Mein Gott!" said Karl, turning pale about the lips and nostrils. He threw the flowers on the table and covered his face with his hands.

Francesca returned and stood in the doorway looking at him. Then, as she could not comfort him, she took up the flowers with kindly hands and put them in water. They thanked her with nodding heads.

"Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren," murmured Francesca. Then, with tranquil friendliness: "Come, let us go out," she said, "and forget all about it. We have twenty-four long hours before I start. You cannot be miserable all that time."

Karl lifted his tender prussian-blue eyes to the soft indifference of hers. "I shall be miserable all my life," he said.

The flowers on the table, feeling refreshed, turned up their pink noses at him in perfumed scorn. Francesca, with a little helpless movement of her small cool hands, turned away. Then she saw

the book lying on the floor and stooped to pick it up.

"We never did read Dante after all," said she, glad to change the conversation. Let us take him out with us this evening and read Paolo and Virginia's story in the garden. Why, it is nearly time for the lampadette to open. Let us go."

Karl took his hat sulkily and followed her out of the room. The flowers, left alone, turned their naughty girl-faces to each other and laughed.

In the garden they walked side by side without speaking. "The sun is nearly down," said Francesca, stopping before a low bush of lampadette. The golden flowers were fast asleep, closed and folded in the soft green leaves. "Let us stay and see them wake up."

They stood quietly, near to each other, looking at the motionless little tree. Suddenly a slight tremor went through the leaves. Then the whole bush moved, quivered, shook. The folded flowers lifted their heads; one by one the yellow petals started open. In a few moments the bush stood covered with shivering, pale-gold bloom. The "little lamps" were lit.

"Now let us go and read," said Francesca, slipping her arm confidently through his.

They went down the wide white steps to the beach and climbed into an empty boat that lay desolately on the stones.

The world was very still. The evening opened like a wide violet flower over the sea. Before them lay the silken water, motionless, stained with sails.

"What tender thoughts, what tremulous desires,  
Led these two souls into such depths of woe!"

read Francesca, in the slightly monotonous cadence of her sweet Italian voice. Karl was looking at her brown hair coiled softly at the top of her head. The air had caught one long rippling lock and was blowing it across her face.

"We were alone, without a thought of harm."

To-morrow she was going away, three thousand miles away, and he would never see her again.

"Oft o'er the page our troubled eyes did meet  
And our bent face uncolored as we read."

And she seemed quite glad to go—glad to go away and never see him again. She



did not look at all sorry or sad. How dark her lashes were over her fair, round cheek!

"But when we read of the longed-for smile,  
Kissed, kissed at last by his enraptur'd mouth!"—

And her mouth! What a pretty mouth, curving away into smiles! Surely it was getting too dark to read.

"Then, he, who ne'er from me shall separate,  
All trembling kissed my lips."

He took both her hands, and the book dropped to the bottom of the boat into a little pool of muddy water.

"Your mouth!" he said, sobbingly.  
"Your mouth! Oh, my God! Once! only once!"

"Shame on the book and him who wrote it, for  
Our souls' undoing—"

laughed Francesca, throwing back her head.

"And in its leaves we read no more that day."

\* \* \* \*

The huge ship panted and shrieked.  
"All ashore, please; all ashore. Partenza!"

Karl was holding her hand, his eyes brimming over, his lips quivering.

"Good-bye! Good-bye! God bless you!"

Francesca looked about her uneasily. "Good-bye," she said. "I wonder whether they brought all my trunks on board. I don't see the black leather one anywhere."

"Oh, my God! Francesca, good-bye." She looked at him and saw the pale misery of his face. "Good-bye, dear," she said kindly. Go, go, or you'll be carried off. They'll draw the plank up directly."

But he held her hand. "Shall I never see you again?"

"Why not?" she said lightly. "The world is so small!"

They shoved him down the gangway, and he stood with all the others, looking stupidly up at the crowded ship. The tears were raining down his face. He called up: "Auf wiedersehen!"

She did not understand. "What?" she said, bending forward.

"A rivederci!" he cried. But she shook her head to show him she could not hear.

So he stood still, looking up at her, hopelessly, helplessly, until the huge ship moved out and the great sea rushed between them.



Drawn by  
W. Granville-Smith.

"HE BOWED HIS BLOND HEAD IN HIS HANDS."

## IV.

She told her husband all about it, as she sat with her little one in her arms, close by him, in the bright, closed dining-room. He growled in his fat, comfortable way, and told her she ought to be ashamed of herself, and that she was not fit to go running about the globe alone. Next year they would go together, or she should stay at home. Really, he was sorry for the poor fellow. But Francesca laughed and laughed, with her face in her baby's soft hair—perfectly happy, utterly at peace.

Next morning she brushed her hair back tightly off her ears, made a thick plait of it, and pinned it up in a business-like, unbecoming way at the back of her head. She went through the house with Mary, finding fault and setting new rules and regulations. She discharged the housemaid. She praised the nurse. She went into the kitchen and kissed the cook, the rude, loud-voiced Irish cook, whose face was unpleasant with grease and emotion. She forgot all about Ribs, who was howling to himself in the yard.

Then she put on a large apron and went into her studio. Her old paintings looked at her with new faces, but over the clean canvas standing on the easel wavered visions of Guido's Christs and Sanzio's Angels; and Tintoretto's Dead Daughter faded away into Beatrice Cenci's weeping eyes and smiling mouth. Oh, the glorious possibilities of that untouched canvas! Her Italian soul trembled with superstitious awe. She said seven Ave Marias to bring herself luck; then took up her brushes.

She worked for six days, passionately, feverishly. On the seventh morning Mary knocked at the studio door and brought in a letter. Francesca dried her turpentine fingers in her apron and opened the envelope. It bore an Italian stamp.

"I am coming to New York," wrote Karl Helmuth. "I shall run up to Frankfurt to say good-bye to my people, and sail from Liverpool next Saturday week, on the Etruria. I am coming because I want to see you. It is useless for me to pretend to have any other reason. All I want is to be where you are; all I ask for is the sight of your face; all I hope for is

your friendship. I do not want to be more to you than Ribs; but why should I be less? Why should I be three thousand miles away from you, while he is allowed to bark out his griefs to your windows and flap his tail against the stones of your yard? Let us, Ribs and I, live out our lives under the light of your calm eyes. 'Nè altro chiederemo.'"

So he was coming to New York to see her! Not for any other reason, but just to see her; only to see her, and perhaps be allowed to speak to her sometimes. Three thousand miles! And he was leaving Italy, and Lamperti, and Leoni, and Domenicetti, and his career, and his mother and sisters, in order to live out his life, like Ribs, under the light of her calm eyes.

She took off her apron and looked at herself in the looking-glass. She ruffled up her hair a little over her temples, it was dragged back so tight. Then she ran downstairs and out into the yard.

There stood Ribs' desolate, yellow kennel, and his two paws hung forlornly out of it. She called him: "Ribs!" And he lifted a slow and rather inflamed eye to her face. "Come here, Ribs. Poor Ribs! Good dog." He crawled out, stretching himself, with his tongue hanging flabbily out of his mouth. He was an ugly dog. He was a dog no one would ever dream of saying "sir" to. "Go away, dog," was the only way strangers addressed him. He looked sick, degenerate and mangy.

But Francesca suddenly put out her white arms and dragged him to her. She took his rusty cheeks between her hands, and spoke to him. "I have been very unkind to you, Ribs. I have not come down to see you since I arrived. I have made fun of you and called you names. And you are so good and sad and faithful. And I cannot help being glad you are coming three thousand miles to see me. I am going to send you down all the lamb chops we were to have for lunch; we can do with the cold veal and salad. Dear dog! good dog." Then she put her fair cheek on his shabby brown head and began to cry.

She showed the letter to her husband because she had to, not because she wished to. He took it in the wrong spirit. She knew he would. He called the young

fellow an "insolent ass" and a "presuming idiot," and damned his cheek, and said he would teach him a lesson.

"Why," said Francesca, "I thought you pitied him so the other day when I was laughing at him."

At which her husband lifted up his eyes in astounded silence, walked out of the room and slammed the door.

Francesca had Ribs brought up into the drawing-room out of sheer defiance. In some vague way she connected Karl Helmut with the dog, and spoke to the animal in German, discussing his imprudence and combating his love, in tender, rambling sentences which Ribs went to sleep over unresponsively, because he was old and tired.

Mary brought him into the room, dragging him by the collar, his legs stiff and straight, in bony protest against this suspicious innovation. Francesca patted him and gave him sugar, which he crumbled all over the light carpet and licked up at great length with his sticky tongue. Then he was sent away, as unwilling to go as he had been to come, leaving wiry brown hair all over the furniture and earthy paw-marks down the stairs. He trotted heavily into his kennel and went to sleep again.

Francesca sat wondering, with hands clasped before her. How should she receive him? Surely she must welcome him when he landed in a wild, strange country, where she was his only friend! But if Jack would not let her? Jack was such an obstinate, narrow-minded man. He did not understand the beauty of Karl's pure, godlike love; the deep, serene worship, that could no more offend her than a sinner's Ave could insult the Virgin Mary. In some things Jack was horribly "borné." He was all very well in Wall street, but the higher emotions he did not comprehend. The blue things of the soul, the pale things of the spirit, were beyond his limited, commonplace understanding. One could see it. He was fat, horribly fat. And his eyes were kind and brown and nice—but there was no depth in them, no brimming, filling waves of azure, tremulous with light. His eyes were brown, every-day, Wall street eyes. How could they ever hope to see the blue things of the soul?

She would go alone to meet Karl and

welcome him and scold him, and tell him he must go back by Wednesday's boat. With or without permission she would go.

Then some of his words came back to her: "I love you because your husband adores you, and because you love your child, and because your home-life is happy and complete." That was the ideal he carried in his mind and heart; that perfectly harmonious chord, as he once said, of three beautiful notes: the man's deep, strong, tender bass; the seraphic, tremulous treble of the child; and the calm, still middle-note that made harmony of these two—herself. That was how he dreamed of her; that was how he should find her. They must all three go to meet him at the boat.

"Ce que femme veut." Jack was reasoned to, and quarreled with, and wept over, and sulked at. He was made to understand how beautiful the situation was—his young wife going to meet the man who loved her, with the strong husband and the tender child at her side. He was made to admit the silent, sublime lesson thus taught without a word—impressing the unhappy young man at once with the hopelessness of his own lot and the simple beauty of the family "tableau."

"And the burden and the lesson," quoted good old Jack vaguely. "Yes, yes; all right. I do not mind, my dear. It is the most grotesque situation in the world for all of us. But we'll make fools of ourselves to please you. We would do a great deal more."

So she kissed him, and told him he was a darling, and he was not to wear his large felt hat on Saturday because he looked like Buffalo Bill.

"You must wear your brown derby, Jack, and a tweed suit."

"But, my dear child, we are in August, and I am stout. Have pity on me. Surely I can wear a straw hat if you object to the Buffalo Bill."

But Francesca would not hear of it. And on Friday evening the tweed suit and a high stand-up collar and derby hat were laid out in Mr. Verdon's dressing-room for him to wear next morning.

Nina's soft, straight brown hair was put up on leather curling-pins, which made little lumps all over her head and prevented her from sleeping. She was

very cross, tossing and crying, and saying her hair hurt and the lumps ached, and she wanted to get up and dress in the middle of the night. The nursery was next door to her mother's room, and Francesca was up and down half a dozen times, trying to pacify her and begging her not to take the curlers out of her hair.

When they all got up at half past seven next morning (the boat was expected in at ten) Nina was horribly peevish and naughty, and Francesca, pale and puffy about the eyes, quarreled with Jack for eating such a big breakfast. It made her feel sick to see him, she said; and would he please put his boots on and get ready, it was nearly nine o'clock.

They got into the carriage. Nina, in a heavenly blue dress and in tears, was slapped and scolded all the way down because she did not want to sit with her back to the horses. Jack was perspiring in his stiff collar and derby hat, and Francesca was trying to be the "calm, still middle-note that made harmony of these two."

They hurried on to the dock at twenty minutes to ten in a flutter of excitement. At one o'clock they went wearily across the way and ate some fearful sandwiches at the "Seaman's Rest—Hotel—Rooms for Gentlemen Only." They hurried back again. At three the boat was sighted moving up slowly past the Statue of Liberty.

Karl stood on deck, with the breeze blowing through his hair, as tall and handsome as a young Dionysius. He took his field-glasses from the case slung over his shoulder, and looked at the heavy, "engoncé" figure of Liberty, at its thick, square draperies, and at the astounding Brooklyn Bridge. Then he focussed the pier—Pier 40—a small, round, wooden float, with little creatures crawling about on it.

Was she there? Surely she had come to welcome him, to say "Buon giorno!" with outstretched hand and smiling upturned face. Or perhaps she had sent a carriage, with a message telling him to drive straight up to her house, where she would be waiting, in her cool sitting-room, with the shades down and the servants bringing in afternoon tea.

Of her husband he thought little or nothing. He had never seen him, and

hardly realized that he existed. It would be time enough to think of him when they met. So in his mind Francesca still stood alone and free, as he had known her, with her brown hair blowing back from her forehead, and her wild and girlish laugh ringing through the sentimental emptiness of his soul.

There she was! In white, with a white parasol, all alone, to the front of the pier. How slender and pretty! There she stood, waiting for him! His heart beat up in a wave of tenderness around that white, frail figure; he saw no one else.

The boat crept on. He knew exactly how she would look when their eyes met—the quick, young smile, with not much heart in it, but so much of gladness! The slight instinctive clasping of the small gloved hands, the ringing Italian voice: "Salve, signore!" in the pretty classic salutation that she so often used.

The boat crawled forward. The girl in white closed her parasol and moved her hat back from her forehead. Why, that was not Francesca; not even like her. How could he have made such a mistake? But where was Francesca? His eyes roved hungrily over the dock. The people stood so close together he could not distinguish them. Perhaps that one, with something scarlet in her hat—

The boat came right in, and among the waving handkerchiefs and hats he suddenly saw her. She was standing near a large stout man who was drying his face with his handkerchief, and she was holding a little girl by the hand; a family group, like two or three others near them. He saw her bend down to the little one and point out the ship—point *him* out as he stood far aft, all by himself. So he took off his cap and waved it to them. She turned to the stout man and said something that made him leave off drying his face and wave the large handkerchief at Karl. Then Karl went down to fetch his bag and umbrella.

He stood near the head of the plank waiting for his turn to land. He looked at Francesca, whose upturned face was quite pale and serious as she held the little girl's hand. Her husband was laughing at three Frenchmen who were embracing and kissing each other.

It was his turn. He walked down the steep rickety plank with his umbrellas in

one hand and his bag in the other. There at the foot they stood, all three, to receive him. But the child had begun to cry, loudly and fretfully. Francesca bent over her and tried to quiet her as Karl stepped off. "You naughty child, don't cry. Say how do you do to Mr. Helmuth. Give him your hand prettily, like a good girl." But Nina was tired and cross, and went on crying. So the first one to greet him was Mr. Verdon, who held out a large warm hand and said, "Pleased to meet you." Francesca lifted a vexed face from her daughter's tearful and blotchy countenance.

"She's sleepy, poor little thing," she said apologetically. Then she shook hands with Karl, and asked him if he had a good crossing.

"Yes, thank you," said Karl.

They were pushed and elbowed about by the people crowding round the gangway.

"I am sorry Nina gives you such a poor welcome," said Francesca, looking down at the little wailing figure by her side. "We have been waiting so long, and she has missed her afternoon sleep."

"Yes," said Karl, and for the life of him could think of nothing else to say. The silence was stupid. Francesca felt pale and sick.

"Come," she said, "let us go straight to the carriage and drive you to your hotel. We thought the Metropole would be nice for you, and it is not far from our house. Or had you made up your mind to go somewhere else?"

"He must wait for the Custom House people to examine his baggage," said Mr. Verdon. And to Karl: "You had better go over there, under 'H.'"

So they all went across and stood under the letter H.

"I want to go home," sobbed Nina; "take me home."

So Karl said they should please not wait for him, as he was sure to be all right. There were some people he had made friends with on board, who would see him through if he wanted anything.

These people—two ladies and a young boy—came up, still pleasantly excited by having seen their American friends, and talked to Karl in a

cheery intimate way which made Francesca feel unreasonably offended. Nina, with her hair all out of curl and her hat crushed, was sobbing, a picture of loud misery, at her skirts.

"You had better take her home," said her husband. "I'll stay here and see that he is all right."

So Francesca held out a limp hand to Karl, who left his new friends to say good-bye to her. She turned her tired back on him and walked away down the long dock, with the weeping child beside her. At the open end she stood waiting for a carriage to drive up.

When Karl, who had been watching her, turned to see after his luggage, he caught a glimpse of what looked very much like a smile on Mr. Verdon's fat and comfortable features.

And suddenly he felt as if some one had walked with loud feet into the sacred chapel of his heart and blown all the candles out.



"SHE WORKED FOR SIX DAYS, PASSIONATELY."



## V.

They invited him to dinner next day, and he went, stiff and good-looking, in his Frankfurter evening dress. The dinner, well-served in the tidy dining-room, was excellent, and he ate a great deal: the voyage had given him a huge appetite. They talked America most of the time; its climate, its resources, its political and financial situation. Mr. Verdon did most of the talking. They laughed at Karl, who did not know what a cock-tail was, and when he asked why in this country laundries were called "Wing Lees," the hilarity was prolonged and friendly.

Francesca, in a black dinner-dress, with her pretty shoulders bared, sat sedate and charming at the head of the table. Karl wondered why she was not livelier, and thought she must be getting on towards thirty. While he was thinking this and looking at her, she lifted her eyes suddenly and met his.

A wild-rose glow rushed over her face and neck. Then her lashes dropped again. Her thoughts, so lately grown shy, flew back to Rimini, to the lonely boat with the little puddle of muddy water at the bottom of it—"Quanti dolci pensieri, quanto disio!"—and to the dear little shady sitting-room at the Hotel Lungarno, in Florence. Surely he was thinking of it too; she could tell by his face, it was so grave and gentle. With a little gasp, as she looked at his cool beauty, she remembered him, holding both her hands. "Your mouth," he had said sobbingly; "your mouth! Oh, my God!" Oh, my God! How had she refused him? How could she have laughed.

Mr. Verdon was keeping up an animated soliloquy on the silver question and the national finances, putting large mouthfuls of partridge and toast into his good-natured mouth. If he saw more than he looked at, it evidently did not disturb him; and he treated his guest and his dinner with broad and genial benevolence.

Francesca did not eat anything. She watched the two men who sat eating and talking before her, with a sick impatience, she knew not of what.

At dessert Nina was brought in, curled

and beribboned. She shook hands shyly and prettily with Karl, and went into peals of laughter because her father tickled her neck; then she scampered over to her mother and crawled up into her lap. There she sat, comfortably, with her little brown head resting against Francesca's breast.

Karl looked at them. Thus he had pictured her in the self-torturing agony of his dreams. Thus he saw her at last. And lo! the torture and the agony and the love all went out of his heart, tranquilly, together. Again she raised her eyes—her eyes of Murillo's gypsy-Madonna—and looked at him over her little girl's brown head.

Suddenly his thoughts flew backward too—the sun had gone down; he stood watching a low, sleeping tree, with golden blossoms folded, and tranquil leaves outspread. Behold! In her eyes the wonder of the lampadette was repeated. A quiver ran through their depths; the light, gold-brown stars trembled and shook; like the petals of strange flowers their calmness started into tears, and the tremulous marvel of her soul opened before him. Then Karl knew that the "little lamps" of sorrow were lit in her eyes, and the sun of his love had gone down.

He called on her the following afternoon. She had asked him to as he was saying good-bye the evening before. Her husband had heard, and had added encouragingly, "Yes, do call. The afternoons are rather long for Mrs. Verdon, as I am down-town all day, and most of our friends are still in the country. I can guarantee," he said, putting a proprietary arm around her shoulders, and smiling down on her with tranquil contentment, "that she will make you the most delicious cup of Russian tea that samovar has ever yielded. You know," he added, "my wife is not only a great artist and a charming woman, she is also an excellent housekeeper." On that pleasant note Karl had left the house. Did Mr. Verdon, with his every-day Wall street eyes, understand, after all, the blue things of the soul?

Francesca was a little timid and awkward at first. All her laughing serenity, her tender cruelty, had vanished, and she was earnest, womanly and shy. She looked at Karl—the Karl that had come





Drawn by  
W. Granville-Smith.

" THEN HE LIFTED NINA UP IN HIS ARMS."

three thousand miles to see her—with anxious, tremulous eyes. She felt that something was going wrong, and had no idea of what it was.

Karl was very nice and friendly, but he no more looked like a man who had come three thousand miles to live out his lonely life in the light of her calm eyes, than Troubetzkoy's picture of Lord Dufferin looked like Caracci's Laocoon.

She made the Russian tea for him, moving about in graceful matronliness before his cooling gaze. Where was the wild, free, unconventional, Italian "Francesca da Rimini" that he had loved and dreamed of? Where was her insolent cruelty, her untamed grace? Was it for this good wife and excellent housekeeper that he had tossed through the anguish of white nights, with wide, aching arms and crying soul?

An unreasonable anger came over him as he watched her. He remembered the expense of the journey; Leoni's lessons that he had paid for and not taken; the scenes of tears and quarrels with his mother and sisters when he told them he was going to leave; the tiresome sea voyage, with not a good-looking girl on board; the distance away he was from everybody; the small, hot room in the Metropole for which he was paying two dollars and a half a day—all these grievances came up in his heart against her as she bent her quiet head and poured out his tea. She handed it to him with a shy smile that irritated him. Then she took her own cup and sat down on the causeuse.

"You have a friend," she said, lifting mild, almost wistful eyes to his glowing young face, "who knows all about you, and whom you have never asked to see."

"A friend?" exclaimed Karl briskly. "Who is it?"

With a light laugh Francesca went on: "We have spoken together by the hour about you. I have done most of the talking and he the sympathetic listening."

"He! A man, therefore?" said Karl, looking puzzled. "Who is it? Do tell me."

"He is a close neighbor of ours," said Francesca. "Finish your tea and we will go and see him."

"Ready," cried Karl, putting down his cup. And then, as Francesca rose to go with him, "Do you go like that?" he said, looking at her pale teagown and bare head.

Francesca nodded and smiled, and they went downstairs together. "What are your plans for the future?" she asked, leading the way to the basement.

"I have none," said Karl, trying to dodge her trailing gown; "none whatever."

They passed through the back door into the yard.

"Come," said Francesca, with a pretty beckoning gesture, stopping before the dog's kennel. Karl, who was thinking of his plans and his future, now suddenly become so blank and so complicated, came up and stood beside her, absent-mindedly.

Francesca bent down and held out a calling hand to the animal. "Come out," she said; "come here! good dog!"

Ribs, redder of eye and mangier of fur, emerged in brown hideousness, and moved a slow tail in ungainly joy.

"My God! What an awful brute," exclaimed Karl. "You ought to have him shot."

Francesca's heart leaped into her throat.

"That is Ribbs," she said.

"What a fearful cur," and Karl looked down at the beast in laughing disgust. Ribbs, maudlin with age and affliction, went up to him affectionately. "Get out," said Karl, pushing him away with his stick. "But where is the man we were going to see?" he added, turning to Francesca.

"What man?"

"Why, that friend of mine you were speaking of," said Karl.

Francesca laughed a little awkward laugh. "Oh! that was—that was not true," she said. "I was only joking."

Karl wrote to a friend of his in Frankfurt to cable to him that his mother was ill. It was the easiest way of getting out of a ridiculous situation.

Meanwhile he called on the Verdens quite often, because he had nowhere else to go. Besides, though the happy-family, "bon-ménage" air of Francesca's home irritated him, he could not help liking to go there; to watch her face paling away

into faintness when he looked at her, and glowing into sudden roses when he took her hand. He watched this belated, useless love growing up in her heart with the amused interest of an outsider. It pleased and flattered him. And really, it was the least that he could expect in compensation for all the trouble and expense he had been to. Such heartaches and such an amount of money thrown away! He could have knocked himself down for being such an idiot.

He ought never to have come. Any one else would have known better. But there! it was the German dreamer's blood flowing too romantically through his veins. He ought to have been a poet: he was always doing things that poets did. This journey had cost him over four hundred dollars, without counting the expenses at Rimini. And now the return journey! He made up his mind that he would go back second-class; and that determination soothed him.

"Ach ja!" Only a poet, an Arcadist, a Chevalier Geoffroy, would be capable of mediæval romanticism such as his! And Karl Helmuth walked up and down his two-and-a-half-dollar room in the Metropole, reciting aloud what he remembered of Heine, Lenau and Petrarca, melting in complacent melancholy as he applied their rending measures to himself.

"Mit schwarzen Segeln segelt mein Schiff  
Wohl über das wilde Meer!"—

Yes; he would certainly go back second-class. It would save him thirty dollars.

"Mit schwarzen Segeln segelt mein Schiff  
Wohl über das wilde Meer!"

## VI.

The cablegram arrived.

Karl decided to take it round to Francesca at once.

She would be alone—it was early afternoon and Mr. Verdon was down-town—and he would enter her room with sad, set face and hand her the paper in tragic silence.

All this he said to himself as he slipped on his light overcoat and put on his hat. Then he went out, whistling.

Unfortunately Francesca was not in the room when he entered with his sad, set face. So he walked over to the looking-

glass and adjusted his tie. He was contemplating himself, with his head on one side, and giving a downward droop to his mustache with slightly wetted forefinger and thumb, when he saw that she had come in and stood behind him.

He had no time to look sad or set; he turned and handed her the cable without a word.

"Poverino!" she said, in her soft Italian voice; "poverino!"

"Of course," said Karl mournfully, "I must go back."

Something, some vague repressed ring of satisfaction and relief, must have reached her keen soul through his slow spoken words. She lifted her clever face, pale to the lips, with the light of revelation in her wide eyes. "Of course," she said calmly.

He looked at her. Under his steady blue eyes that she had seen so often fill with tears, her own wavered, overflowed. Her dolorous mouth trembled. Her soul sobbed out her wondering misery.

He stood looking down at her and feeling very sorry. She used to be so pretty and wild and happy. He wished—"a parte" the question of the four hundred dollars—that he had never come. So he took her hand tenderly and kissed it.

She began to cry, piteously, broken-heartedly. She could not understand. "Why—? Why—?" she sobbed, looking up at him with trembling mouth. He knew what she meant. But he could not answer, or explain the strange, simple transformation that had come over his heart. He would have wounded her without making her understand.

So he bent down and kissed her hair. As she began to sob again, he took his hat and left her.

## VII.

Mr. Verdon insisted that they should all three go to see him off and "speed the parting guest" as they had welcomed him. So the three drove down again one morning; Nina, as good as gold, with her back to the horses; Francesca, with pale face and swollen eyes, and Mr. Verdon talking pleasantly of their plans for the coming winter, with his eyes persistently turned out of the window on his side.

His fat, kind hand lay on his knee near to Francesca. Once her eyes wandered down to it in a helpless kind of way, but she turned from it quickly and drew her own further away.

Mr. Verdon went on talking about the advisability of giving fortnightly receptions during the winter. His voice was strong and steady, but his thick eyebrows were drawn into a queer, troubled curve over his commonplace, Wall street eyes—the eyes that could not see the pale things of the spirit.

\* \* \* \*

The huge ship panted and shrieked.

"All ashore, please; all ashore!" cried the red faced sailors, hustling and pushing past.

"Good-bye," said Mr. Verdon, holding out his hand to Karl, who shook it warmly. "And good luck to you. Hope you'll have a pleasant journey and find the dear old lady O. K. when you get home."

Then he lifted Nina up in his arms; the people were pushing her about so. "Say good-bye to Mr. Helmuth, young one," he said, holding her forward. "Kiss him nicely and say 'God speed.'"

"God speed," said little Nina, in her bird-like treble voice, and kissed Karl's handsome face.

"You follow me, Francesca," said her husband, lifting the little one on his shoulder, and he turned from them and made his way largely and broadly through the crowd.

Francesca put out her hand to Karl. "My God!" she said, lifting her miserable face to his, "shall I never see you again?"

"Why not?" said Karl lightly, "the world is so small!"

\* \* \* \*

"Come along, dear," Jack said authoritatively, drawing his wife's arm through his and taking hold of Nina with the other hand. "We are not going to stand here with the crowd, looking up like fools until the boat leaves. Just wave your hand to him and come along."

Francesca meekly turned and obeyed. There he stood, tall, fair and alone, far aft on the bridge, with his cap in his hand and the sun shining down on his wavy hair. He smiled and nodded and waved his cap.

Then, suddenly, she understood. She saw herself, as he saw her, moving away with her fat, contented husband and her healthy little child—a tender wife, a patient mother, a good housekeeper. He had thought he loved her for all this; he had said he loved her because she was a perfect woman. It was not true. Men do not love perfect women.

The boat shrieked and quivered.

As they got into the carriage she could hear the people on the dock cheering and the last hoarse, answering cry from the ship.

Men do not love perfect women. She turned her head slightly toward her husband, who was looking out of the window as before, with averted face—except, perhaps, it be men who do not understand the blue things of the soul. \* \* \*

His fat, strong hand was lying on his knee. It looked a lonely hand.

Suddenly Francesca lifted it to her lips and kissed it.

Nina laughed.





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of the publisher, George D. Sproul.*

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LADY HELEN VINCENT.

*Helen Vincent*



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MRS. CORNWALLIS WEST.

*Mary Cornwallis West*





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THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

L. Marlborough.



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MRS. W. H. GRENFELL

Elhel Grenfell



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LADY NAYLOR LEVLAND.

*Lady Naylor Levland*

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THE MARCHIONESS OF ORMONDE.

*Elizabeth Ormonde*



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THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

Wimpie  
Lottan



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LADY AGNEW

*Estimada Agnew*





## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TAI-PING REBELLION.

BY GENERAL EDWARD FORESTER.  
SECOND IN COMMAND OF "THE EVER-VICTORIOUS ARMY" AND SUCCESSOR  
AFTER DEATH OF GENERAL FREDERICK WARD.

AS week succeeded week my captors began to treat me with a little more humanity. First, my allowance of rice and water was increased. Then I was daily led to the king's room and given my meals there—the best food to be obtained. Finally, The Protecting Wang proposed that I join their forces, and offered me fifty thousand dollars if I would take command under him. When I refused this he offered to give me a hundred thousand dollars if I would go back to Shang-Hai and serve their cause as a spy. This I also refused, but the proposition was again and again repeated.

In his turn, the king refused an offer of a ransom of a hundred thousand dollars which I felt sure the government would give. Money was of no use to him, but he stood in great need of arms

and ammunition. After many talks he finally agreed to take a ransom for me if it would be paid in munitions of war. I had no hope that the government would accept any proposition which would be equivalent to strengthening the resources of the enemy; but for all that I sent a letter by courier to General Ward, explaining Wang's terms. The king had given me twenty days' grace. If by that time the answer had not arrived, my long-delayed execution was to take place.

Days came and went with disheartening regularity. The hope of life, which had been renewed in my breast, grew fainter with each going down of the sun. With dawn I began to strain my eyes over the waters of the bay for the signs of foreign-masted vessels. At last there appeared on the horizon the cross-trees for the com-

ing of which I had so long watched. Top-sail and mainsail and then hull came into view, and, before eleven o'clock, I knew that the English man-of-war which had arrived contained a ransom as royal as was ever paid for a king.

Immediately upon the arrival of my letter in Shang-Hai, the officer in command began loading, on a vessel tendered by the English admiral, the munitions of war, opium, etc., demanded as the only payment which would purchase my life, and within forty-eight hours the man-of-war was under weigh.

This episode was the beginning of my personal acquaintance with a man who has since achieved a world-wide reputation. Thirty-four years after, in August of this year, 1896, I sat at table in the Hotel Waldorf with many who had figured in the making of Chinese history, and beheld a venerable man, tall, commanding, and still bearing evidences of great powers and vitality, enter the banquet-room, supported by distinguished officers and citizens of the United States. It was the same officer who, as a young man, had been so prompt to rescue me from death at an enormous expense to his government. This consisted of one million rounds of ammunition, two hundred stands of arms and ten chests of opium, each containing one hundred and thirty-three pounds. Whatever its cost to the imperialists, it certainly had a value of half a million to the rebels. It had been gotten together and despatched under the personal order of Li Hung Chang,

and it is perhaps not egotistical in me to think that no civilization has ever presented a finer act of generosity.

The next morning The Protecting King gave me a pair of Chinese trousers and a jacket and escorted me to the shore to meet the commander of the British ship. The latter, after congratulating me, inquired if we could trust the rebel king to let me go after the ransom should be

landed. Upon my assuring him that the Wang would keep his word, the work of putting the cargo ashore forthwith began; but when half the munitions had been landed the captain proposed that the remainder should be retained, under the pretense that the entire lot had been put ashore, thus saving the other half for ourselves. Upon my refusal it was all landed, the cartridge boxes being piled at my suggestion in tens for easy counting.

Then I was told that I was free. The captain's proposition must have been heard and reported to the Wang by some English-speaking rebel, for when we bade him good-by he asked, with a fine show of sarcasm, for the captain's photograph, that he might remember how an English gentleman

looked who had tried to tempt a sick and worn-out prisoner to leave with only half his ransom paid.

Words can scarcely describe my physical condition at this time, and when we arrived at Shang-Hai I was taken to Admiral Hope's flagship under a salute of seven guns. Every attention was rendered me, and two surgeons attended me



LI HUNG CHANG.

From a photograph furnished to THE COSMOPOLITAN by courtesy of John J. McCook, Esq.



*Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.*

"AMONG THOSE LED OUT TO BE SLAUGHTERED WAS THE SON OF ONE OF THE WANGS."

assiduously until my health was quite restored.

No sooner was I able to leave the man-of-war than I was summoned to testify in a court-martial against the captain of the gunboat that had brought my ransom. For his proposition to pay but one-half the ransom he was, after a careful trial, sentenced to dishonorable dismissal from the navy. Later on, while waiting for

gan planning to recapture Sing-Pu, the only city we had lost. We well knew that there was no better way of showing our devotion to Li than by immediately winning victory. Under the circumstances Ward thought it best to turn the entire command of the expedition over to me while he remained at Sung-Kiang.

During much of the time I had been in captivity the troops had been inactive on



GENERAL EDWARD FORESTER.

some action upon his sentence, he joined Sir Rhoderick Dhu's expedition as a volunteer and met his death fighting bravely at Ning-Po.

In camp with the army again I was in a fever of impatience to start on another campaign and show Li Hung Chang by my activity how grateful I felt for his generosity and kindness. Ward shared this feeling with me, and we at once be-

account of the extreme heat, and now were thoroughly rested and in fine fighting form. Unfortunately I was not. I had by no means recovered from those weeks of torture and suffering, and had to be moved in a sedan-chair whenever we marched—rather a handicap for a commander who hoped to make a brilliant dash. We left Sung-Kiang with the most effective force ever sent out by

Ward. It consisted of four thousand picked men and five batteries made up of siege guns, mortars and field pieces. The artillery was under command of Colonel Sartoli, an Italian—an expert in gunnery who had gained his experience under Garibaldi. Unfortunately he persisted in joining the storming party and was killed in the first battle. His loss was almost irreparable.

When we reached the stockades surrounding Sing-Pu, the rebels, after making a feeble attempt to check us, took to their heels and got behind the city walls as fast as they could. We waited at the stockades until night fell, then, under cover of darkness, crept close to the walls and planted our guns. We found it was of no use to throw up intrenchments. The land was so low that, as we dug, the ditch would only fill with water. As a substitute, we built a parapet of

bags of earth, which answered the purpose very well.

At daybreak the artillery began a vigorous bombardment. The city wall was about forty feet high. On top of that was a six-foot parapet, with embrasures for cannon. This Sartoli first demolished with his light artillery, the shot falling just above the spot where I had decided to breach the wall; so that the enemy would have no cover from which to annoy our storming party. The wall itself was faced with thick granite blocks and, even with our effective ordnance, was not easy to rase. Sartoli's accuracy as a cannoneer came into good use. He trained the guns so that the balls dug a circular groove out of the wall, and when this was about five feet deep, fired percussion shells, which blew out the central part. This mass of broken stone fell outward into the moat, partially filling it, and making



Drawn by  
T. de Thulstrup.

"I HAD TO BE MOVED IN A SEDAN-CHAIR."

our attack all the easier. As soon as this occurred, the storming party of a thousand men rushed forward. They were delayed a few minutes only, while heavy bamboo ladders were lowered across the chasm to form a bridge. Then, under the protecting fire of my sharpshooters, stationed in a tall, four-story pagoda, they charged into the breach and, after some sanguinary hand-to-hand fighting, captured the city. Our loss in killed and wounded numbered fifteen officers and two hundred men.

Detachments had been stationed at all the gates, so that none of the enemy escaped, and we presently found that we had a city full of prisoners on our hands. It may be imagined that I was not a little elated over our success, and no time was lost in sending a courier with the news to Li Hung Chang and General Ward. Li when told that there were a great number of high rebel officials among the prisoners expressed much satisfaction at their capture. He sent the mayor of Sung-Kiang to me the next day with full authority "to cut, kill or take away those captured." The scene that followed surpasses description. So many hundreds were beheaded that the streets again ran with blood; but even the European officers in my command agreed that the measure was necessary in dealing with such fanatics. Among those led out one day to be slaughtered was the eleven-year-old son of one of the Wangs. Used as I had become to bloodshed and death, I could not stand by and see this innocent lad murdered. When I interceded with the mayor he readily consented to spare the boy's life. The lad turned out to be a bright-witted and tender-hearted little fellow. I kept him with me, while in China, as assistant to my steward and he subsequently accompanied me to Egypt and Europe. Finally I brought him to this country and placed him in school at Clayton, New York. On attaining manhood he settled in Lansing, Michigan, where he married an American girl. A few months ago, while traveling in the western states, I stopped at Lansing and hunted up my ex-steward. It was a pleasant meeting, for I found him a happy business man of considerable property.

Li Hung Chang formulated the next move in the campaign. It had for its

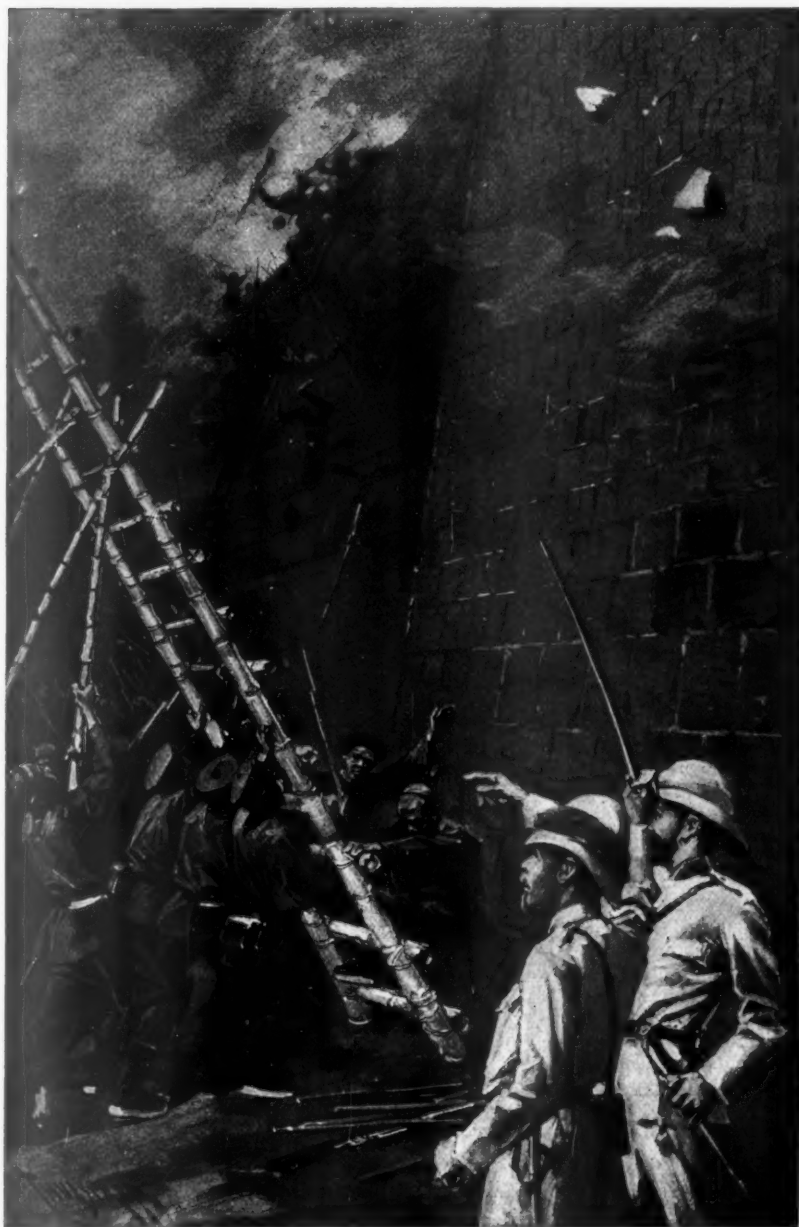
ultimate object an attack by the combined forces of Li and Ward on Nanking, the rebel stronghold. Preliminary to this attack I was sent south with two thousand men to destroy the small cities of Yu-Yeoo and Tong-Ki. My force embarked on the steamers "Pomshan" and "Confucius," and was then moved down to Ning-Po, where Sir Rhoderick Dhu had his headquarters. There we were joined by five hundred men under the command of Colonel Le Brethon, part of an army raised and officered by the French.

Deciding to attack Yu-Yeoo first, Sir Rhoderick moved his flagship "Encounter" and the gunboat "Hardy" as far up the river as deep-draught vessels could be navigated. The light gunboats steamed up close to the walls and did effective work in shelling the city. Our first assault was made in a drenching rain, and we were repulsed with considerable loss while attempting to carry a bridge. As the men were disheartened we thought it best to abandon the attack until the following day. On the following morning, with recovered courage, we found little difficulty in capturing the city at the first charge, although the odds were great, the prisoners taken numbering more than ten thousand.

Our force had been augmented by the arrival of Ward with a thousand men. We now turned our attention to Tse-Ki. Ward being anxious to capture the city with the least possible delay, we started out together to reconnoiter the field. We had become so accustomed to the enemy's fire that we had grown somewhat careless. While standing side by side inspecting the position, Ward put his hand suddenly to his abdomen and exclaimed, "I have been hit." A brief investigation showed that the wound was a serious one, and I had him carried on board the "Hardy," where surgical attendance was promptly given. I then held a consultation with the officers of the expedition. It was decided to carry out Ward's plan and attack the city at once. Ladders were quickly thrown across the moat, then drawn over and placed against the walls, and before the garrison fully recognized what we were about our troops were in possession of the city.

As soon as I had my troops properly housed and posted I set out with General





*Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.*

"LADDERS WERE DRAWN OVER AND PLACED AGAINST THE WALLS."

Ward for Ning-Po. Arrived there, the general was removed to the house of Dr. Parker, a resident physician, and every precaution taken. But he had been gradually sinking, and he died that night in great agony. Almost his last words expressed the wish that I should succeed him in the command of "The Ever-Victorious Army."

Early the next morning I ordered his body conveyed on board the "Confucius" that we might reach Shang-Hai at the earliest possible moment. For some reason the commander of the boat, Captain Don Lynch, did not want to go and was insubordinate in manner. By nine o'clock we were ten miles out at sea. Then Lynch came on the hurricane deck and reported that we were out of coal. As we had come from a coaling station and Lynch flatly refused to give an explanation, I had him put in irons, and turned over the command of the boat to Lieutenant Ludlum. We were then in such a strong current that I gave up hope of getting the steamer back to Ning-Po, determining rather to work our way to a port near Shang-Hai. We had no other resource but to tear away the upper works of the boat and use them for fuel. We also fed into the furnaces fifty barrels of pork that were stored in the hold and managed to keep up a fair head of steam, until by the middle of the afternoon we reached Oosong and ran alongside a British ship flying Dent and Company's flag. I knew this firm to be warm supporters of the imperial government and so had no hesitancy in boarding the vessel and obtaining a supply of the coal with which she was ballasted.

At Shang-Hai Lynch took his departure from China and soon became a figure of international importance while serving as a lieutenant on the Confederate privateer "Alabama," under Commodore Semmes.

The funeral of General Ward was a most impressive one. A great number of civil and military officials accompanied his body to Sung-Kiang, where it was interred with great pomp and enjoyed the extraordinary honor of a resting-place in the Confucian Temple.

The entire command of the army having fallen upon my shoulders, I sailed to Ning-Po. Embarking my force on the

"Confucius" and accompanied by Admiral Dhu and sixty men on the gunboat "Flamer," we steamed up the river as far as the bridges would allow, to attack Fung-Wah. A portion of the force were here disembarked and marched across a very rough country to take up a commanding position near the city. The artillery consisted of twenty "mountain howitzers," very light guns that could be packed on a mule's back. They had been made for use in General Fremont's expedition across the plains and had somehow found their way to China. As they would only stand a charge of four ounces of powder, the shells fell short of the city walls and I found myself obliged to send back to the boats for heavier ordnance. Some twelve-pounders were brought up the next evening, but too late to be of service, for during the night the rebels moved out. We were not fully in possession, however, when a strong column of the enemy was discovered debouching from a mountain gorge. Taking our position behind the wall, we were effectively concealed. The rebels did not suspect our presence but moved on toward a distant gate of the city. Waiting until the column had passed, we threw ourselves upon their rear and, although they outnumbered us ten to one, succeeded in completely demoralizing them. In a few minutes the battle had turned into a rout.

A curious incident occurred during the fight. In our first attack upon the rebels certain recruits lost control of themselves and were in danger of becoming demoralized. Major Barkley, who was their commanding officer, ordered the recall sounded. Then forming them in line he put them through the manual of arms while a storm of bullets whistled around and men were dropping in the ranks. Had the major been on the parade ground at Ning-Po he could have been no calmer or more precise, and in a few moments he had his recruits under thorough control.

The capture of Fung-Wah was the last battle fought by "The Ever-Victorious Army" under my command. My health was now so broken that I was compelled to seriously consider the question of retirement, and General Burgevine, who had been my chief of commissary, was appointed my successor.

[THE END.]

IN THE WORLD  
OF  
ART AND LETTERS.



**Successful Book-Making.**—Of all the months in the year the month of September is the least fertile in literary novelties. No Parisian publisher would venture to bring out a book by a celebrated writer, or a work by an unknown author, of which he had any hopes, in this month of villeggiatura, when all the inhabitants of the capital are dispersed among the watering-places or the cottages by the seaside, where it is not possible to create a public

opinion. This is the month, however, in which M. Eugène Mouton has chosen to publish a thick volume having for its title: "The Art of Writing a Book, Printing It and Publishing It."

I do not suppose that the name of M. Eugène Mouton has crossed the Atlantic. Even with us he is hardly known, except among men of letters. Yet he is one of the most original of writers, one of those whom the English call "humorists," and who are somewhat rare among us; in whom wit is only a more vigorous good sense, while humor is wit enlivened by fancy.

Some forty or forty-five years ago *Figaro* was a weekly periodical which, owing to the absolute silence on political subjects imposed upon the press under the Second Empire, devoted itself altogether to light literature. In its columns all the writers who have since distinguished themselves in letters have in turn appeared. All Paris devoured every number, week after week, as it came out.

One fine morning there appeared in it, signed by a singular pseudonym, a story showing extraordinary fancy and full of a ghastly gaiety, called "The Invalid with the Wooden Head." The success of this legend was immense, and every one was eager to find out who was the new writer who concealed his identity under the singular name of "Merinos."

It was soon discovered that the whimsical humorist was no other than a grave provincial magistrate, M. Eugène Mouton, who had had the courage, in that period of political servility, to decide, in a suit brought by the government against a simple citizen, against the power from which he received his salary. After this rash act he sent in his resignation and, abandoning the law, devoted himself to journalism.

Not to ordinary journalism, which exacts from its followers incessant and rapid production. He wrote slowly and produced little—at most a story of a few pages every three months. But each story was a masterpiece of its kind. The general public did not read them; but the small clan of connoisseurs enjoyed them and appreciated them at their just value. Some of these tales, that, for instance, called "Le Canot," are worthy to rank with the most exquisite gems of Mérimée and to take their place at a future day in an anthology.

Strange to say, the number of his works increased without increasing his fame. The ex-magistrate had retained the dignified and modest reserve which is characteristic of men of his profession. He shunned publicity as much as our confrères of the present day seek it. He had his books printed on beautiful paper; he had

a small number of copies published, and he exacted that these should be sold at a very high price, so that they might not circulate among the general public. They were purchased only by amateurs, and as no one spoke of them, they gave their author only a pale and clandestine celebrity.

A few years later, however, he published "*The Adventures of Couzourdan*," one of the most amusing books I know, in which the Marseillaise love of boasting attains fantastic proportions. Some of the narratives are irresistibly droll. They are all written in a lively style, with the quiet humor which is a characteristic of this sober-faced jester. These humorous extravaganzas would, without doubt, have had an enormous success if the author had published them in a volume at three francs, and heralded their publication by a flourish of trumpets, as is the custom in France, and I suppose in America also. But M. Eugène Mouton, when a work of his is about to appear, makes his escape to some retired spot, apparently to avoid hearing it spoken of. He sends some copies printed on Japanese paper to his friends, and begs them not to give his name any publicity. He is satisfied if a hundred amateurs are willing to buy his book at the price set by him. They are acquaintances whose suffrages are sufficient for him.

Are they really sufficient for him? Who can say? M. Mouton despises the "common herd" of Horace, and it may be that, without being fully aware of it, he is secretly mortified not to see the popularity coming to him to which he would have been ashamed to make advances; and that he is ambitious of fame and regrets not to be celebrated, not to "hover living," as the Latin poet says, upon the lips of men.

What then is required to become famous? he perhaps asks himself sadly.

Alas! To become famous it is not sufficient to write masterpieces. It was no doubt a painful surprise to him when, a few years ago, he offered himself as a candidate for a vacant seat in the French Academy, to find that his candidature was not taken seriously by the general public, and that even his name was unknown to fully one-half of the forty immortals whose votes he solicited.

He continued to write, but on less fanciful subjects. His vein of humor had become exhausted with age. Add to this that he had become hard of hearing, and that he, who loved social reunions, in which his paradoxical wit had formerly shone, now felt himself excluded from the conversation. Living alone with his thoughts, he grew more morose, at least in appearance.

It was in September, in the month of literary vacation, that, faithful to his principles of conduct, he published his last volume, on the art of writing, printing and publishing a book. In it he lavishes upon his young confrères the treasures of experience of a long life. In the last part he instructs them in an art which he never practised himself—the art of puffing a work, and increasing its circulation, by bringing it constantly before the public.

I fancied, as I read these pages, that I could see an ironical smile curling the lips of the philosopher who had written them. "Do the exact opposite of what I have done, if you wish to attain renown, if you wish to captivate the multitude!"

M. Eugène Mouton will probably die without having enjoyed its enthusiastic plaudits. But he is a philosopher; he will be satisfied with the compliment of an acquaintance, or a more affectionate pressure of the hand from a friend.

He will leave behind him perhaps a hundred pages which posterity will read again and again with pleasure. Do you know many celebrated writers of whom the same thing can be said? He will leave behind him, also, in the hearts of those who have known him, the name of the most honest and upright man whom I have ever known in our world of letters, where there are, however, a great many such, whatever may be said to the contrary.

I have felt the tears come into my eyes in reading the lines with which he ends his last volume. He has just shown the book falling finally into the three-sided box of the dealer in old books of the Quai Voltaire, and he adds:

"Thus the book dies; soon it will be your turn. After long years of labor,

of impassioned creation of hopes and discouragements, you have felt your pen grow heavy in your trembling fingers; it seems to you that the circle of your thoughts is about to close and that your mind, saturated with ideas, your heart fatigued from having beaten so long, asks to be relieved and allowed to rest. If you are wise, if you are unshaken by the approach of death, you will enjoy with delight perhaps the sweetest period of your life; that in which, freed from the ills of life, satiated with its joys, cured of desires and hopes, you live only on memories, and if anything can soften your adieux to the beloved ones who will survive you, it will be the thought that you leave them, in the books that you have written, the purest part of your soul."

These are beautiful words; apply them to whom they can be applied.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.



**Big Harvest of English Books.**—The autumn publishing season this year has been of the busiest I remember, hardly one of our prominent authors being unrepresented. Of writers it may be said the poor are always with us. They publish quarterly, and the poorer they are, the larger their literary family. But writers like Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Barrie, who produce sparingly, give distinction to any season that puts forth a book of theirs, and

thus the coincidence of "Sir George Tressady" and "Sentimental Tommy" has provided us with two memorable items at once. Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, with the clever title of "The Christian," has to run first through a magazine; so has Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Captains Courageous," and Mr. Barry Pain's "The Octave of Claudius." But "The Grey Man" of Crockett has already found a large public in book form, and Sir Walter Besant, with his "City of Refuge," and Mrs. Lynn Linton, with her "Dulcie Everton," working in their wonted manner, have not failed of their wonted admirers. Mr. Basil Thomson, a new writer, has attracted some attention by a clever fantastic romance called "A Court Intrigue." In publishing Mr. Henry James' "The Other House," in two volumes, at five shillings, Mr. Heinemann made a compromise with the old library system, which was supposed to be superseded by the issue of novels in one volume at six shillings. Perhaps it was wise to make an exception with Mr. James' work, the subtlety of which is over the heads of our book-buying populace. Mr. Charles Whibley, who has constituted himself the scourge of sentimental writers, has dedicated his own talent to "A Book of Scoundrels," wherein burglars and murderers are treated in grave historic fashion, with elegant comparisons of rival ruffians. Mr. Anthony Hope's, "Heart of the Princess Ossa" has been well received—while there's Hope there's life. A new departure has been made by the Macmillans in issuing "The Jewish Library," edited by the indefatigable Joseph Jacobs, the first volume of which, "Jewish Life in the Middle Ages," by Mr. Israel Abrahams, is a work of great research and interest which, while naught extenuating, finally disposes of the mythical Shylockian conception of the mediæval Jew. Mr. John Lane has discovered another galaxy of minor poets, the prettiest and tiniest twinkler of the new group being, perhaps, Mr. William Theodore Peters, whose "Posies Out of Rings" have a certain dainty distinction. Mr. Peters evidently believes that brevity is the soul of poesy as well as of wit. At any rate, he gives us both "in small measures." I think this is the Posy I like best.

#### TO A BELATED GENIUS.

"And some of us arrive at dawn of day,  
With bounding step and singing like a lark;  
And some of us arrive at fervid noon;  
And some of us arrive long after dark."

And here is a memorable wording—at the close of a sea-sonnet—of the old, old question:

"Oh! whither sail we—into death or port?"

Such questions of destiny pervade the powerful and scholarly "Poems by F. B. Money-Coutts." Mr. Victor Plarr writes "In the Dorian Mood," a title which suggests severer or more ecclesiastic music than Mr. Plarr gives us. There is not a little pleasing verse in the volume; but this delicious wind-up of an epitaph on a frail beauty pleases me most:

"She was wild, and sweet, and witty—  
Let's not say dull things about her."

Miss Nora Hopper, who began by searching ballads and prose, gives us "In Quicken Boughs" poetry unrelieved. There is too much of it, a poetic gush too copious and uncritical, and swearing in the language of too many masters. Still she must be counted in "the Celtic Renaissance" for her sweet sad Irish music. Here is a quatrain that takes me:

"Rose o' the world, what man would wed  
When he might dream of your face instead;  
Might go to his grave with the blessed pain  
Of hungering after your face again?"

Mr. Lane has also published a unique series of lithographs by Mr. Will H. Rothenstein called "Oxford Characters." They are all done from the life and form a remarkable human document summing up the many aspects of our great University, and depicting with impartial if unequal pencil a President of a Boat Club or a Walter Pater, a Regius Professor of Medicine or a Max Beerbohm. The character-graven faces of the old men suit Mr. Rothenstein's talent and methods of draftsmanship better than the unlined freshness of youth. Scarcely any English or French celebrity has now escaped sitting to Mr. Rothenstein, who is a guerilla of the New English Art Club. Finally I must note the success of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's autobiography of a dear old lady who did more than "once see Shelley plain," and who knew Leigh Hunt and Lamb and Keats. And to think that now even Browning and Tennyson are dead. Alas!

"How fast has brother followed brother  
From sunshine to the sunless land!"

I. ZANGWILL.



**he Forgetfulness of Authors.**—The best abused book of the year now ending (for "Jude the Obscure" belongs chronologically to 1895) has been Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Lady of Quality." The critics have pretty well dismembered and dissected it, from its moral theory down to its not always accurate archaisms. They have, in fact, done their work so thoroughly that it is surprising to find one amusing blunder still apparently unnoticed.

This has to do with the lock of hair which Sir John Oxon surreptitiously cut from Clorinda's head and whose appearance at a critical moment in her life brought on the tragedy that forms the central motive of the novel. This remarkable raven tress at the time when it was cut off is described (page 106) as being five feet long, but when it afterward appears (page 225) it has lengthened out in some mysterious way to *six* feet! The inconsistencies of authors might be made the text of a long and curious discourse, for they are innumerable and seem to escape the attention of publishers, proofreaders and critics alike; so that even in books that go through several editions they often remain unaltered for many years. Usually they are due to forgetfulness and sometimes to absent-mindedness. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" is perhaps the most flagrant example of the former quality, for in the earlier editions the characters change their Christian names continually. Old Sedley is sometimes Joseph and sometimes John; Bute Crawley's wife is sometimes Martha and sometimes Jane; and so on. This is perhaps to be explained by the fact that Thackeray's health broke down when he had finished the first part of the novel, so that he came to



the composition of the second half after an interval that dulled his recollection of its details. Dickens does not blunder in names, but shows instances of forgetfulness as to some of the circumstances narrated in different parts of the same story. Most exasperating is it to a reader to find an author apparently forgetting in one part of a story the attributes ascribed in another part to particular characters. Thus, Charles Reade's "Hard Cash" introduces the American, Joshua Fullalove, as an educated gentleman; but when he reappears in the trial-scene toward the end of the book he is a two-dollar stage Yankee, and in a subsequent novel, "Foul Play," he is if anything even more grotesque. Instances of pure absent-mindedness are now very common; but a good contemporary one is found in the "Universal History" just published by Professor Fisher of Yale. It is to be assumed that this distinguished student of history is thoroughly familiar with the succession of American presidents, yet in his book he speaks of something as occurring in President Polk's *second* administration.

An odd bit of forgetfulness on the part of Mr. Rudyard Kipling was observed by the present writer some time ago. A friend, who is a great admirer of Mr. Kipling and who always expects the most scientific accuracy in everything, was greatly interested in the Indian tale entitled "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes." It will be remembered how, in this story, Jukes while racing his horse over a lonely bit of country rolls with his mount down a steep embankment, and on coming to consciousness finds himself in a sort of amphitheater fenced in by a high slope of sand on one side and an apparently impassable morass on the other. Here are a troop of hideously spectral Hindoos who, having once been pronounced dead of cholera, came to life only to be regarded as forever unclean by their friends, who cast them down into this desolate pit. Jukes, like the rest of them, cannot escape through the morass, nor can he scale the sandbank because it is too steep, and any attempt causes the sand to come down in great masses. Now the scientific gentleman who read this story was convinced that there did exist a way in which the inhabitants of the pit could have escaped if they had been clever; and he was anxious to meet Mr. Kipling and expound this theory to him in person. So the present writer brought about an interview between the two, and after some preliminaries the scientific person said:

"Now, Mr. Kipling, this is my notion of what Jukes and the others could have done. You say the sand-slope had an inclination of sixty-five degrees. Very well; that isn't so very steep. One man could have lain down at full length against the slope. A second man could have walked over his body and in like manner stretched himself further up the incline; and then a third, walking over these two, until at last there would have been a human plank-walk all the way to the top; on it the remaining prisoners could have walked quietly out of the pit without stirring the sand, and when out, could have helped up the others."

"Yes, but, you know," said Mr. Kipling, "I didn't say that the angle was sixty-five degrees. I only said that the bank was very steep—in fact, much too steep for any such trick as that. Oh, no; quite impossible."

And as Mr. Kipling seemed to be intensely positive and even the least bit nettled, the author of the Jukes theory let him alone. But any one may buy the story and see for himself that the angle is there specifically recorded as one of sixty-five degrees.

These things are not merely amusing; they have a certain interest and importance of their own, and in the history of literature and textual criticism. If, for example, a novelist like Mr. Hamlin Garland can in the space of five pages describe an important character now as "Joseph" and again as "Edward," ought not scholars and critics to be very careful how they decide questions of probable authorship on the basis of mere casual inconsistencies in the text? In fact, from Biblical investigators and Homeric iconoclasts down, it would be just as well to remember that no hypothesis is unassailable which does not take account of the very important factor which is found in human fallibility.

HARRY THURSTON PECK.



**he Life of John Gibson Lockhart.**—If the lover of letters be not grateful for this admirable biography by Andrew Lang, it is simply another proof of what has been sufficiently proved already—that gratitude is as limp a factor in literary as in political life. First and foremost, the book provides what the idle reader oftenest desires—a sound excuse for plunging once more (not too deeply nor after too long a fashion) into records that have a tantalizing interest for us all, because of our inability to sift the evidence and reach for ourselves a comfortable and conclusive verdict. Lockhart lived in an age of literary animosities. He played an active, manly, and sometimes a mischievous part in the intellectual life of his day. He had a clear "complication-proof" head, a quick temper, a pitiless pen, and a dangerous sense of humor. He was loyal and loving to his friends, and not particularly forgiving to his foes. He failed to understand the valuable art of hedging, and prudence and amiability were by no means his characteristic virtues. When we add to these natural qualifications for making enemies, the ill-will aroused by the acrimonious warfare of political creeds, and the curious fact that personal abuse of the Whigs by the Tories has always been accounted a graver crime than personal abuse of the Tories by the Whigs, we comprehend why Lockhart has carried on his shoulders for half a century the weight of other people's sins, just as Claverhouse bears the blame of all the brutality committed by the royalists in Scotland, and Sidney Smith is held responsible for every witticism uttered in his day.

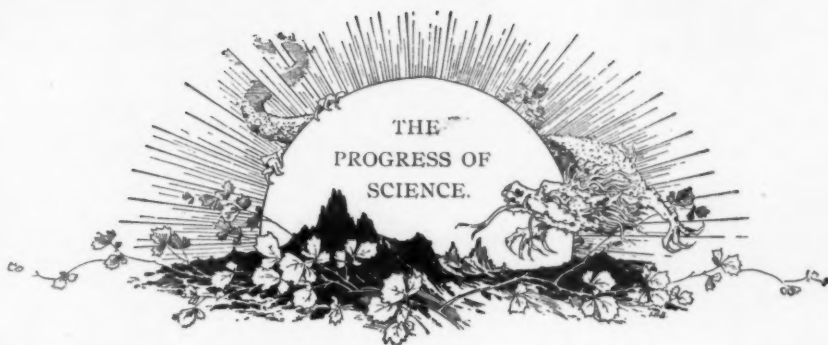
It is this burden of unmerited censure that Mr. Lang has striven hard to lift. He has no mind that Lockhart should serve forever as Blackwood's whipping-boy, nor that he should be deemed accountable for Wilson's blithe misdeeds.

"Other loads than this his own,  
One man is not well made to bear,"

says the wise Vizier in Bokhara, and the "Scorpion" has a load of his own which makes it superfluous for us to add the millstones from Blackwood's rubbish heap. Mr. Lang tells with admirable lucidity the story of the tragic duel which Lockhart did not fight and Christie did, to the lasting sorrow and remorse of both these lifelong friends. This duel, being one of the things perpetually referred to and never explained,—like family news in letters, which we are supposed to know all about without ever being told,—it will doubtless be a relief to many readers to learn just what did happen on that ill-starred occasion. The stanch and loyal affection which Lockhart cherished for Sir Walter Scott is so simply and reverently described, that this long bright chapter in his troubled life reads like an epic of friendship—an epic that not only celebrates what is beautiful, but proves it as well; for, incredible though it may seem, even here the voice of scandal pursued its victim, and there were not wanting people to say, with Rogers, when the admirable "Life" was published, "I always thought that Lockhart hated Scott, and now I know it."

It is on Sir Walter's biography that Lockhart's reputation as a writer rests secure. A labor of love, undertaken with no hope of gain (for even the profits of the book were devoted to liquidating his father-in-law's debts), it has won for its author lasting fame and the gratitude of generations of readers, which should solace his proud spirits now for many misunderstandings and regrets. Mr. Lang's critical comments on the mass of excellent yet half-forgotten works which Lockhart gave to the world in the course of many laborious years, are marked by his usual insight, and by more than his usual seriousness and care. He points out the exceeding beauty of "The Wandering Knight's Song," which critics love and the careless world ignores; he gives guarded praise to "Adam Blair" and to the "Life of Burns," and he ruefully acknowledges that Lockhart leaves upon him the impression of a thwarted force that missed its proper path.

AGNES REPPLIER.



**Results of the August Eclipse.**—Now that the accounts are made up it is plain that the demon of the weather did nearly his level worst to thwart and baffle the unfortunate observers. From nearly all quarters the reports are of disappointment and dismal failure. On the Norwegian coast, where the sight-seers were on shipboard, and could merely look at and enjoy the phenomenon without being able to make any serious observations of the slightest scientific value, the sky, it is true, was clear; and so it was in Nova Zembla and at some of the Russian stations in Siberia. But in Finland and Japan, where the largest and most thoroughly equipped parties, American, English, French and German, had placed themselves, the clouds were just numerous and thick enough to prevent the astronomers from getting any important results, while at the same time tantalizing them with occasional glimpses that encouraged delusive hopes and kept attention on the strain—a state of things much more vexatious than a pouring rain would have been. The few photographs and observations they were able to get were so compromised by the partial cloud-veils that, with a few exceptions, they contribute nothing towards the settling of the delicate problems under investigation.

The reports from the Siberian parties are still too incomplete to enable us to estimate with much accuracy the value of their work. Some good photographs of the corona are said to have been obtained, which doubtless will furnish a permanent and reliable record of its form and extent on this occasion for comparison with the same feature in other eclipses, past and future. It may be, too, that important spectroscopic observations were made, though this is hardly probable, or they would have been mentioned in the skeleton reports already made.

One interesting result, however, is announced from Nova Zembla by Mr. Shackelton, an English observer, who was stationed there with a small party. He reports that he obtained a good photograph of the spectrum at the instant when totality began, and that it shows a large number of bright lines—apparently as many as the dark Fraunhofer lines that are shown in a photograph taken a few moments previously. It looks as if he had at last succeeded in getting a real photograph of the spectrum of the so-called “reversing layer,” the hypothetical thin stratum of mingled gases which immediately overlies the photosphere, and is by many, though not all, astronomers believed to be the principal seat of the absorption which produces the dark lines of the ordinary solar spectrum. The visual observation upon which the belief in the existence of such a stratum

chiefly rests was first made in 1870, and has since been more or less satisfactorily repeated at several other eclipses; but its photographic verification has turned out to be a very difficult matter, and Mr. Shackelton is to be congratulated on a success of considerable importance.

Professor Todd also, in a private letter from Japan, mentions another interesting observation: "A plate exposed during the whole of totality, but protected from the effect of visual rays, shows indications of 'X rays' in the corona." It will be necessary, however, to wait for further details in order to understand exactly the nature of the indications and their conclusiveness.

C. A. YOUNG.



**New Source of Sulphur.**—Sulphur is one of the useful elementary bodies which is found largely in an uncombined form in nature, and in some cases in an almost pure state. Sicily has for more than fifty years supplied a large portion of the world's sulphur, and it is from this source that the larger part of American sulphur is now obtained. Deposits of sulphur have been found in several of the western states, and the sulphur mines of Utah, near

Beaver, have furnished a considerable amount. It has been known for many years that a deposit of sulphur existed in Louisiana, and several companies have endeavored, but failed, to make its extraction profitable. This deposit is at a depth of three or four hundred feet, and is immediately overlaid by one hundred and sixty feet of quicksand. It is this quicksand that has defeated all efforts to mine the sulphur. One company tried to freeze the sand so as to sink a shaft through it, but did not succeed.

It is now reported that a method has been devised for mining the sulphur which promises success. The proposed operation is a novel idea due to the ingenuity of Mr. Herman Frasch, of Cleveland, Ohio. It consists in melting the sulphur and forcing it to the surface in a liquid state. Both the melting and the forcing upward are accomplished by the same agent, which is water heated, under pressure, to three hundred and thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit.

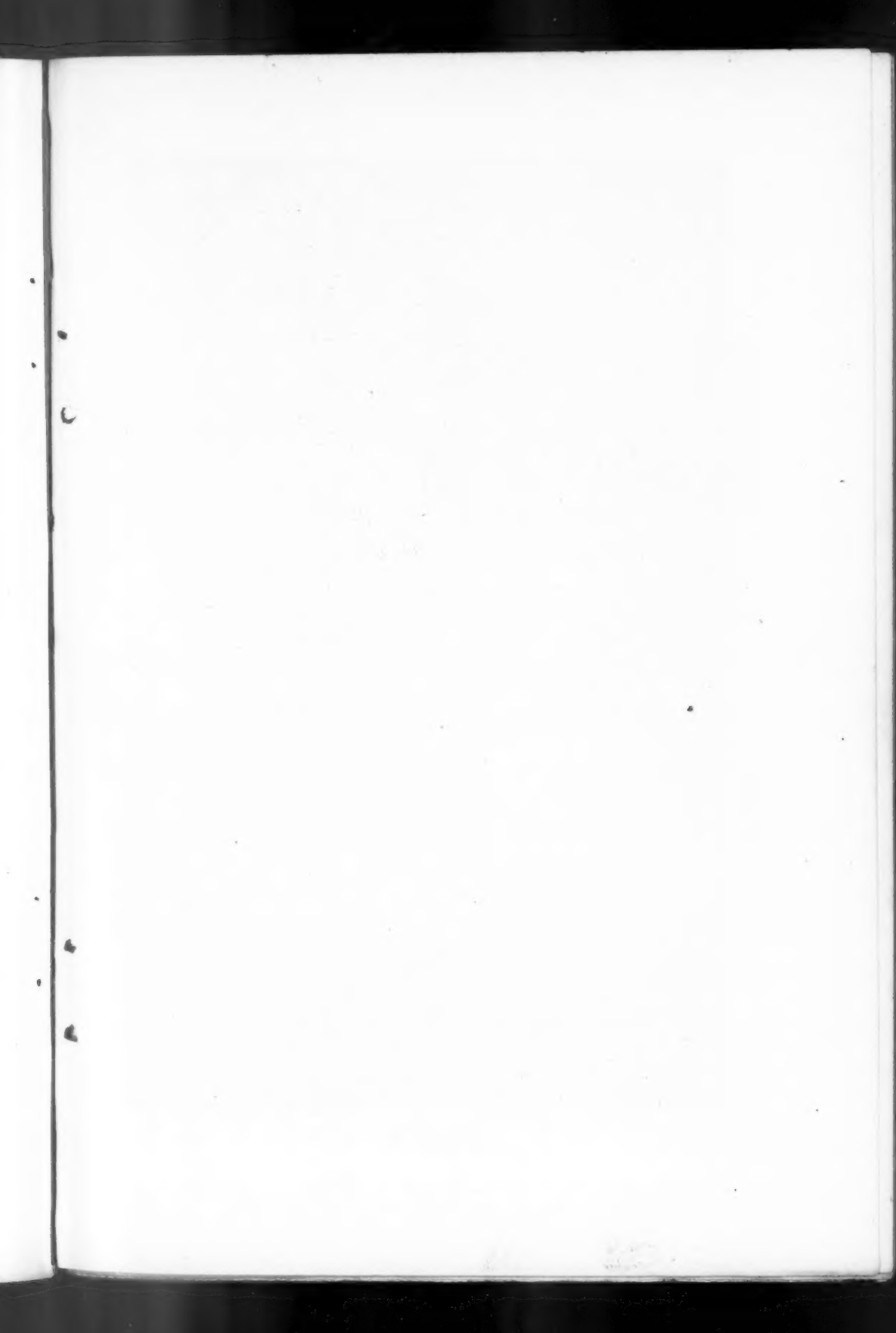
A hole is first drilled to the sulphur deposit large enough to receive a six-inch pipe. Down the center of this pipe passes a two-inch pipe; this smaller pipe has a series of holes opening into the larger pipe just at the bottom. A four-inch pipe passes between these two but does not extend quite so far down. The annular space between the two outer pipes is closed by a stout partition at the lower end of the four-inch pipe. Above this partition a series of holes is made through the walls of the outer pipe, and a similar belt of holes is also made at its bottom.

Water heated to three hundred and thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit is forced through the space between the two outer pipes, and when it reaches the partition at the bottom of the inner one of these two it passes out at the upper holes and melts the sulphur surrounding the pipes. This melted sulphur is driven in at the lower holes and forced up, in the space between the two inner pipes, to the top of the well. To prevent the solidification of the sulphur on the way up, hot air is driven down through the inner pipe. This air passes out of the inner pipe at its bottom and ascends upward through the same channel as the sulphur. The pipes are sunk deeper into the bed of sulphur as occasion requires.

The pipes are made of steel coated with aluminum. The sulphur flows from the well in a liquid state and is run into shallow vats to cool. It is then cut into blocks convenient for shipping. Much of the deposit is said to be very pure, reaching as high as ninety-nine per cent. of clear sulphur.

The new company is very hopeful of soon producing large amounts of sulphur and at such rates as will place it in competition with the imported article.

S. E. TILLMAN.





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